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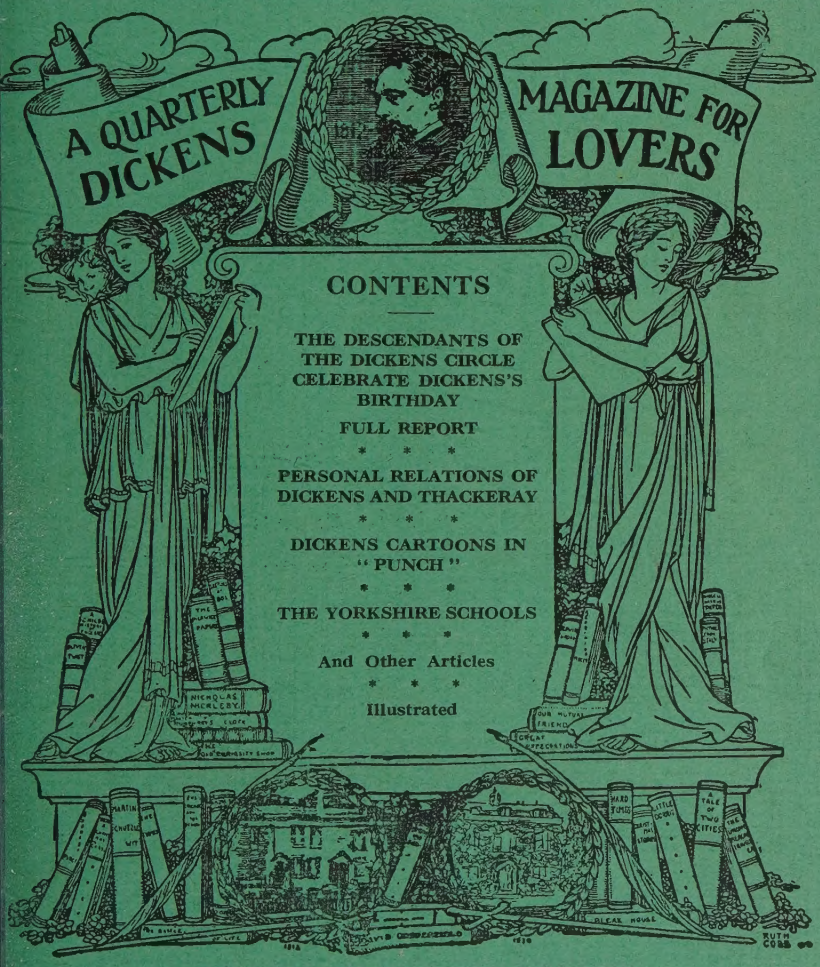

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Illustrated

EDITED BY WALTER DEXTER

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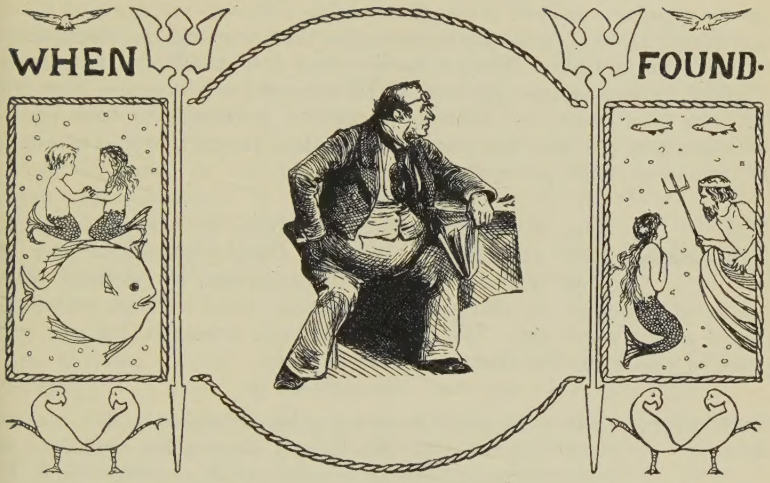


Drawn by] [*Ruth Whittaker*

Eatanswill. Verily this is a strange world. We wonder if Dickens ever thought that a time might come when a town would be proud to think that it was Eatanswill. Yet such has happened after a little more than a century. The Rotarians of Kettering might well aspire to be a re-incarnation of the Pickwick Club, for at their annual Ladies' Night Dinner and Dance in November, they presented to the proprietor of the Royal Hotel—formerly the White Hart—an oil painting of Dickens bearing the following inscription:

> "To commemorate the visit of Mr. Charles Dickens to this house later immortalised in Pickwick Papers as the White Hart, Eatanswill, during the election campaign of December 1835."

They are very good Rotarians in Kettering, we are sure; indeed the President said on this occasion: "the fellowship of this club is growing and growing; there is nothing in Kettering like it." We congratulate them; but think that out of their very association with an inn at which Dickens stayed in December, 1835, they should have at least read those chapters of *The Pickwick Papers* in which reference is made to Eatanswill before sponsoring the erroneous inscription. Just a little thought and care were all that were needed to make this tribute fully worthy of the inn, the town, the book, and themselves.

* * * * *

Dickens in Advertisements. The popularity of Dickens as an advertising medium shows no abatement. Player's cigarettes Number 3 have included in their "Notable Numbers" series The House of Agnes, No. 71, St. Dunstan's Street, Canterbury, and Dickens's Birthplace, 393 Commercial Road, Portsmouth. We hope they will soon add to the series the famous No. 48. Mazda

Lamps have illustrated three or four different Dickensian scenes to throw light on their product, and Lyons—whose Dickens Chocolates are so popular—utilised Oliver Twist lately—in a clever drawing all in one line (or Lyon as they term it) to display the "come-again" fascination of their Swiss Rolls. Then a leaflet from a football pool has lately reached us displaying a portrait of Dickens and a few scenes from his life, one of a series of "Famous Fortunes" pointing out that perseverance won for him his fortune, and that their clients can win a fortune also—with perseverance !

* * * * *

Irish Translations. Two new translations, subsidised by the government, have appeared in Ireland, *David Copperfield* and *A Tale of Two Cities*, both illustrated by pictures from the recent films of the stories. *A Christmas Carol* in Irish was published many years ago. We hope some kind reader in Ireland will send us copies for the Dickens House Library.

* * * * *

Bubbles by Boz. How very near the now familiar *Sketches by Boz* was to receiving this title Mr. Hilmer Nielsen has explained in a recent issue (*The Dickensian*, 1938, p. 243). Sir F. B. Head's book, "Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau, By An Old Man," was published in February, 1834, by John Murray. There does not appear to be a copy of it in the British Museum, although the book seems to have had a great popularity at the time, for lately a copy of a second edition (also dated 1834) came into our possession, and has been added to the Library at the Dickens House.

* * * * *

One Hundred Carols. There was a special celebration in Amsterdam on 17th December, when Dr. J. B. van Amerongen recited *A Christmas Carol* for the hundredth time. We offer our hearty congratulations to Dr. van Amerongen, and thank him for his continued efforts in keeping Dickens's memory green in Holland. Dr. van Amerongen is a great Dickens scholar. He will be remembered for his book "The Actor in Dickens" published in 1927.

* * * * *

Gormed ! Can any reader say what is (or was !) the origin of Mr. Peggotty's expression "I'll be gormed" ? This question has been put to Mr. J. W. T. Ley, who has passed it on. "I do not remember the point being raised before," he writes, "and it is interesting, because of the possible explanation quoted by my correspondent. He tells me that Donald Maxwell, who was a member of the staff of the 'Church Times,' declared that 'Gorm' was the name of a Viking who ravished East Anglia to such an extent that 'to be gormed' came to mean to be utterly devastated. It seems quite plausible, but I am ignorant. If it be correct, then surely we have one more example of Dickens's curious out-of-the-way knowledge. For it would almost certainly be a local expression. His knowledge of East Anglia when he wrote *Copperfield* did not resemble Sam Weller's

knowledge of London, yet somewhere he had gathered this bit of local knowledge."

* * * * *

Disappearing Dickens's London. After a century's existence the Royalty Theatre in Dean Street is to be demolished. It was built by the actress, Fanny Kelly, in 1840 in connection with her school of acting, and was often utilised for amateur performances. Here in 1845 Dickens made his first appearance with what was later to become his famous amateur company in "Every Man in His Humour"; the following year he played there in "The Elder Brother" for the benefit of Miss Kelly. The second landmark to disappear is Anderton's Hotel in Fleet Street, where the Dickens Fellowship was founded at a meeting held on 6th October, 1902.

* * * * *

The Dickens System. Here is an interesting paragraph from "The Morning Post" of one hundred years ago (3rd June, 1839):

> "The fourth number of Mrs. Trollope's 'Factory Boy' and the seventeenth of 'Pickwick Abroad' continue their respective publications of the Dickens system. Mrs. Trollope, however, though following another plan, has always some striking originality."

* * * * *

A Dickens Seat in the National Theatre. The Committee of the Dickens Fellowship has promised to endow in the name of Dickens, one of a number of seats in the National Theatre, which are being set aside to the memory of those who have helped to develop and enrich our national drama. The cost is one hundred pounds, and as it is the desire of the Committee that the endowment shall be fully representative of the Fellowship, no limit of the amount of an individual subscription is fixed; any surplus will be handed over to the funds of the Dickens House. Branches are asked to participate, and a list of donations received will appear in the next number.

* * * * *

Is it True? We have so often heard that *Pickwick* is to be filmed that we do not know if we are to regard as serious the report that Hollywood is to present the immortal story in three parts, with Mr. W. C. Fields as Mr. Pickwick. There is, however, no truth in the rumour that another company is proposing to screen *The Old Curiosity Shop* with Miss Mae West as Little Nell!

* * * * *

Mr. Pickwick in Ice. Not *on* the ice but *in* ice! Our congratulations to Mr. Harry Sandwell of the Hamilton Branch; Mr. Sandwell not only makes himself up as a capital Pickwick, but to celebrate the Christmas spirit, he made a life-like representation of that character out of ice, and earned front-page publicity in the "Hamilton Spectator" of December 29th.

WALTER DEXTER.

WHO SAID THIS ? *

1. This is the hend.
2. I was a gentleman once.
3. She will be a lovely widow, I shall be a body.
4. Subdue your appetites my dears, and you've conquered human natur'.
5. My time is yours—and my country's.
6. The unities of the drama before everything.
7. There is nothing like the married state, sir, depend upon it.
8. If he won't listen to reason, we must do it against his will.
9. Here's firmness, here's solidness ! Why you can hardly get enough of him between your finger and thumb to pinch him anywhere.
10. As a portion of the world affects to despise the power of money, I must try to show them what it is.
11. When I speak of home, I speak of the place where, in default of a better, those I love are gathered together ; and if that place were a gipsy's tent or a barn, I should call it by the same good name notwithstanding.
12. Here be a weddin' party—broide and broide'smaid, and the groom—if a man dean't 'joy himsel noo, when ought he key ? Drat it all thot's what I want to know.
13. He must be made a partner . . . and if he won't submit to it peaceably, we must have recourse to violence.
14. I'm not quite certain neither, whether, as it's a boy, I won't have it in the papers.
15. Don't tell me. Country ! What can you get in the country but new-laid eggs and flowers ? I can buy new-laid eggs in Leadenhall market any morning before breakfast. And as to flowers, it's worth a run upstairs to smell my mignonette, or to see the double-wallflower in the back attic window at No. 6 in the court.
16. Our family always have been celebrated for small feet ever since —hem—ever since our family had any feet at all.
17. You would sell your flesh and blood for money ; yourself, if you had not already made a bargain with the devil.
18. I'm to be found in Broad Court, Bow Street, when I'm in town. If I am not at home, let any man ask for me at the stage door.
19. If you will have the kindness to step down to the Royal Exchange and to take the cocked hat off the stoutest beadle's head, you will find my card in the lining of the crown, wrapped up in a piece of blue paper.
20. Natural affections and instincts are the most beautiful of the Almighty's work.
21. Formalities must not be neglected in civilized society.
22. Repining is of no use. Of all the fruitless errands, sending a tear to look after a dog that is gone is the most fruitless.
23. It's best to be neighbourly, and keep up old acquaintance loike, and what I say is, dean't quarrel if 'ee can help it.
24. The pain of parting is nothing to the joy of meeting again.

* All questions relate to *Nicholas Nickleby*.

(*The Answers are printed on page* 125.)

THE PERSONAL RELATIONS OF DICKENS AND THACKERAY

By CHARLES RIDDELL WILLIAMS

I.

ONE day in the last week of April, 1836, Dickens was in his chambers at No. 15 Furnival's Inn. He was in a troublesome predicament. The first monthly part of *Pickwick* had recently appeared, the second was just about to be put on sale, and suddenly the artist, Seymour, who was illustrating the story and indeed round whose talent and popularity the book had been conceived, had committed suicide. There came a knock at Dickens's door and in came a tall broad-shouldered young man with a broken nose and an eyeglass and a portfolio under his arm. The portfolio contained some sketches, which the young man showed to Dickens, while at the same time he suggested himself as illustrator for *Pickwick*. Dickens looked at the drawings and politely turned down the application; and it may well be that, by doing so, Dickens saved for us one of the greatest novelists of all time. For the name of the young artist was William Makepeace Thackeray.

That was the first time Dickens and Thackeray met. Dickens was just twenty-four and Thackeray six months older.

Now you must understand at the outset that Dickens and Thackeray were two very different people. Dickens was of medium height, handsome, vivacious, energetic and volatile. Thackeray was six foot three, rather slow of speech and judgment, pleasantly ugly, of a naturally idle disposition and at that period somewhat sarcastic in his talk. Their birth and upbringing too had been poles apart. Dickens had sprung from a poverty-stricken inconsequent lower-middle class family and his parents were—to say the least of them—unsatisfactory. Thackeray came of very good stock, his father and grandfather had held great positions in India with the Company and his childhood and youth were lovingly watched over by an excellent mother, devoted aunts and a step-father whom he subsequently immortalised as Colonel Newcome. Dickens received little schooling and may be said to have educated himself. Thackeray was at Charterhouse and Trinity, Cambridge. Dickens by hard work was, by the time he was twenty-four, making enough money not only to keep himself and his wife but even to help his indigent relations. Thackeray, at the same age, had succeeded by extravagance, gambling and speculation in losing the substantial fortune which his father had left him, and, now that it was necessary to earn his own living, could not make up his mind whether to be an artist or a writer. In examining the story of their subsequent relations, we must bear in mind that, except that they practised the same art and were approximately the same age, Dickens and Thackeray had very little in common.

We cannot be certain when Dickens and Thackeray met for the second time, but probably they began to know each other after January,

1837, when Dickens was elected to the Garrick Club, of which Thackeray had already been a member for three and a half years. As this club will play a considerable part in the later stages of my story, I had better explain that the Garrick was founded in 1831, " for the purpose of bringing together the patrons of the drama and its professors, and also for offering literary men a rendezvous." The membership then, as now, included the leading authors, actors and artists together with a number of lawyers and men-about-town.

For the next ten years Dickens and Thackeray saw quite a lot of each other and their paths crossed in various ways. Thackeray wrote a number of reviews of Dickens's books. Dickens published in July, 1837, in " Bentley's Miscellany " a story of Thackeray's called " The Professor." When the Dickenses took a cottage at Twickenham for the summer of 1838, Thackeray was a frequent and welcome visitor. We also hear quite often of him dining with Dickens in town, where they had many mutual friends, and where also they both belonged to a Shakespeare Society which held periodical dinners. Dickens wrote Thackeray a letter of compliments on the publication of the latter's " Irish Sketch Book," and gave him a specially inscribed copy of *A Christmas Carol*, while Thackeray gave Dickens a presentation copy of his " Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo." As early as April, 1840, we find Thackeray writing to his mother apropos of *Master Humphrey's Clock* : " The new Boz is dull but somehow gives one a very pleasant impression of the man : a noble tender-hearted creature who sympathises with all the human race."

By this time Thackeray was a married man with children. He had married in August, 1836, a Miss Shawe, a young girl of Irish parentage. There were three children of the marriage, Anne (afterwards Lady Ritchie) born in 1837, and Minnie born in 1840, while between the two there was another daughter who died in infancy. In the summer of 1840 there befell Thackeray the great tragedy of his life, the greatest tragedy, I suppose, that can befall any man. His young wife slowly and inexorably began to lose her reason. Thereafter until the day of his death, he had to bring up his two daughters as well as do his literary work, and all the while he was tending and visiting with loving care the poor vacant soul, who had been his beloved companion for only four years and who indeed, ironically enough, survived him by more than thirty years.

In March, 1842, " Fraser's Magazine " published a long and amusing article by Thackeray, called " Dickens in France," describing a performance at a Paris theatre of a French adaptation of *Nicholas Nickleby*, in which Thackeray makes it clear how much he himself had enjoyed the book. He is describing his pleasure of anticipation before the curtain goes up :

> " I shall see honest John Browdie and wicked Ralph once more, honest and wicked in French. Shall we have the Kenwigses, and their uncle, the delightful collector ; and will he, in Portsmouth church, make that famous wedding with Juliana Petowker ? Above all, what will *Mrs.* Nickleby say ?—the famous Mrs. Nickleby, who

has lain undescribed until Boz seized upon her and brought that great truth to light, and whom yet every man possesses in the bosom of his own family."

Curious that Thackeray who obviously knew the book so well should have made that slip about Miss Petowker's christian name.

In February, 1844, Thackeray reviewed *A Christmas Carol* in "Fraser's Magazine" and said of it:

"I am not sure that the allegory is a very complete one, and protest, with the classics, against the use of blank verse in prose; but here all objections stop. Who can listen to objections regarding such a book as this? It seems to me a national benefit, and to every man or woman who reads it a personal kindness."

In 1846, Thackeray himself had two mild successes, the "Snob Papers," which began in "Punch" in February and which were later collected into "The Book of Snobs," and his own first Christmas book "Mrs. Perkins' Ball."

That year once again he reviewed Dickens's Christmas book, *The Battle of Life*, for Fraser's, but the most interesting passage in that review is one which deals with the previous year's Christmas book, *The Cricket on the Hearth*. Thackeray says:

"Last year the critics were specially outraged by the famous clock-and-kettle overture of the Christmas piece. 'Is this truth, is this nature?' cries the Cynic, growling from his tub. You might say, Is it the multiplication table, or is it the *pons asinorum*? It is not intended to be true or natural, as I hold: it is intended to be a brisk, dashing, startling caricature. The poet does not want you to believe him, he wants to provoke your mirth and wonder. He is appealing, not to your reason and feelings as in a prose narrative, but to your fancy and feelings. He peoples the familiar hearth with sprites, and the church-tower with goblins: all the commonest objects swarm with preternatural life. The haymaker has convulsions, the warming-pan is vivified, the chairs are ambulatory, and the poker writhes with life. In the midst of these wonders goes on a little, common, kind-hearted, tender, everyday story of poverty averted, true hearts rewarded, the poor loving one another, a tyrant grotesquely punished. It is not much. But in these performances the music is everything. The *Zauberflöte* or the *Barbière* are not like life: *mais*—!"

II.

Let us now, at the beginning of 1847, nearly eleven years after Thackeray was disappointed in his idea of illustrating *Pickwick*, take a look round and see what is the relative standing, as authors, of Dickens and Thackeray.

Dickens is one of the celebrities of the age, admired and fêted wherever he goes. In the eyes of the world he is the one great English novelist, the author already of *Pickwick*, *Oliver Twist*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, *The Old Curiosity Shop*, *Barnaby Rudge*, *A Christmas Carol*, *Martin Chuzzlewit* and of part of *Dombey & Son*. He is not

only famous but successful, for his books have had an immense sale and are not only admired by many of his peers but beloved by the great public. True there are other novelists who have had considerable success—Ainsworth, Bulwer Lytton, Disraeli, G. P. R. James, Charles Lever—but none to touch Dickens either in sales or popularity and certainly none whose work any reliable critic would or did put on a level with his.

Thackeray, on the other hand, has had a rather hard time during these eleven years. He has written a very great deal but it has been in the eyes of his contemporaries ephemeral journalism, published under several pseudonyms, " Jeames Yellowplush," " Michael Angelo Titmarsh," etc. The name Thackeray is entirely unknown to the public and has indeed not yet appeared on any title page. His two novels " Catherine " and " Barry Lyndon " have been failures when serialised in Fraser's. Such reputation as he has at all in the literary world is as a regular writer of comic sketches for " Punch," and particularly of those uncomfortable, probing, but very amusing " Snob Papers."

I choose the beginning of 1847 particularly to make this survey of Dickens's and Thackeray's relative positions, because on January 1st, 1847, something happened to change Thackeray's position altogether. On that date the first monthly part of " Vanity Fair " appeared.

The change did not come about at once, for " Vanity Fair " got off the mark slowly ; but after a few months everyone was reading it and talking about it—that is everyone in the educated world—for it is true, to this day, that Thackeray's work has never had the same universal appeal to all classes as Dickens's.

And now we see how baneful was the influence of the respective friends and acquaintances of Dickens and Thackeray. Instead of accepting gratefully the fact that a new great novelist had appeared on the scene, they at once began to make odious comparisons. As early as November, 1847, Abraham Hayward, one of the literary pundits of the " Quarterly Review," wrote to Thackeray : " Don't get nervous or think about criticism, or trouble yourself about the opinions of friends ; you have completely beaten Dickens out of the inner circle already."

Thackeray, I'm glad to say, was much too sensible to be taken in by stuff like that. He sent the letter on to Mrs. Brookfield, inviting her to laugh with him at Hayward's pompousness.

Nevertheless his success naturally gratified Thackeray and writing to his mother the following month, even he cannot avoid bringing Dickens into the picture : " There's no use denying the matter or blinking it, now I am become a sort of great man in my way—all but at the top of the tree, indeed there, if the truth were known, and having a great fight up there with Dickens."

Here is an example of the unwise way in which their friends ever afterwards set one's work against the other's.

" Vanity Fair " went on appearing in its yellow-covered parts until July, 1848, in which month it appeared in volume form. Thackeray

sent a presentation copy to Macready, the actor, who had not read it serially. Now Macready was a great personal friend of Dickens and a great admirer of his work. We have in his diary his reactions to the book as he read it early in the following year, when he was acting in America.

> *January* 31*st*, 1849. Read whilst waiting for Mr. Ryder more of "Vanity Fair," which is, I must confess, an extremely clever book, and, as far as style goes, I think, rather to be preferred to my friend Dickens's. There is more mark of the educated man in the freedom of the language. I do not think it painful; it is sometimes pathetic, but in that respect how far below dear Dickens!
>
> *February* 1*st*, 1849. I had a very absorbing subject—"Vanity Fair"—a very extraordinary and wise book; most entertaining; to me, who will think, and feel, and look truth in the face, most instructive. I had not given Thackeray credit for so much power. I had not done him justice, but I think this book places him in the very first rank of English novelists.
>
> *February* 2*nd*, 1849. Resumed the reading of that delightful book, "Vanity Fair." It has surprised and *conquered me.*
>
> *February* 3*rd*, 1849. Finished with great reluctance "Vanity Fair" . . . the book is an extraordinarily clever one, and, differing in its kind, is second to none of the present day, which is an admission I make almost grudgingly for Dickens's sake; but the truth is the truth.

Observe the absurdity and childishness of admiring "Vanity Fair" grudgingly "for Dickens's sake." I feel certain that constant comparisons between their work by friends and critics did inevitably tend to spoil Dickens's and Thackeray's relations each with the other.

In December, 1854, Thackeray wrote to Dr. and Mrs. John Brown at Edinburgh mentioning an article in Blackwood's Magazine which evidently compared the work of three celebrated novelists of the period—Dickens, Thackeray, and Bulwer Lytton.

> "Blackwood sent me his magazine with an article which pleased me very much, and which I think uncommonly friendly and timely. I don't believe Bulwer is the first of that triumvirate the reviewer talks of: I think Dickens is (not that I have read him of late; but thinking back of him, I think he's the greatest *genius* of the three). But, Sir and Madam, what after all does it matter who is first or third in such a twopenny race? Kindness matters and love and goodwill, and doing your duty if you can, and leaving a little store for young Jocks and Helens, and Annies and Minnies."

Meanwhile, while the first parts of "Vanity Fair" were appearing, Thackeray began to publish in "Punch" a series called "Punch's Prize Novelists," which were parodies of various contemporary writers. He began in April with "George de Barnewell," a skit of Bulwer Lytton and continued with "Codlingsby," a parody of Disraeli's "Coningsby." He originally intended to include a parody of Dickens in the series, but fortunately Messrs. Bradbury and Agnew, the proprietors of "Punch," would not permit this. I say "fortunately" because Dickens was rather absurdly sensitive about this kind of thing.

Indeed he wrote to Forster after the first two parodies had appeared, saying of Thackeray: "I added that I was bound to say beyond this, that in reference to his Imitations in Punch . . . I had a strong opinion of my own: and that it was that they did no honor to literature or to literary men, and should be left to very inferior and miserable hands: which I desired Thackeray to know."

As we shall see, Dickens indeed always thought that Thackeray did not take the profession of letters seriously enough.

In the summer of 1847 too, Forster and Thackeray had some kind of quarrel. There is nothing surprising about this, for Forster was very cantankerous and at one time or another quarrelled with nearly all his own and Dickens's friends. Dickens gave a peace-making dinner to all concerned on the 21st June.

We do not unfortunately know in any detail Dickens's opinion of "Vanity Fair." He certainly did not read it in the monthly parts, as he wrote to Thackeray in January, 1848, saying: "I am saving up the perusal of "Vanity Fair" until I shall have done *Dombey*."

Thackeray, however, read *Dombey and Son* as it came out, for there is a well-authenticated story of his striding into the "Punch" office and flinging down the number containing the death of Paul Dombey on the desk of Mark Lemon, the editor, with the words: "There's no writing against this. One hasn't an atom of chance; it's stupendous."

III.

Thackeray gave himself very little rest after the success of "Vanity Fair," for the first monthly number of "Pendennis" appeared in November, 1848, publication continuing until January, 1850. Dickens on the other hand did not begin to publish his next novel, *David Copperfield*, until May, 1849, though in the interval he published his Christmas book for 1848, *The Haunted Man*, of which he gave Thackeray a presentation copy.

Thackeray was quick in generous praise for the first monthly part of *David Copperfield*, for on the 12th May, 1849, less than a fortnight after publication, there appeared one of the series Thackeray was then doing for "Punch," called "Mr. Brown's Letters to a Young Man about Town," in which occurs this passage:

> "Have you read *David Copperfield*, by the way? How beautiful it is—how charmingly fresh and simple! In those admirable touches of tender humour—and I should call humour, Bob, a mixture of love and wit—who can equal this great genius? There are little words and phrases in his books which are like personal benefits to the reader. What a place it is to hold in the affections of men! What an awful responsibility hanging over a writer! What man holding such a place, and knowing that his words go forth to vast congregations of mankind—to grown folks—to their children, and perhaps to their children's children—but must think of his calling with a solemn and humble heart! May love and truth guide such a man always! It is an awful prayer; may Heaven further its fulfilment!"

Indeed *Copperfield*, was with Thackeray, as it is with us all, a great

favourite. He wrote to his friend Brookfield, when *Copperfield* and "Pendennis" were both appearing in monthly parts: "Get *David Copperfield*, by Jingo, it's beautiful; it beats the yellow chap of this month hollow"; and about the same time he wrote to Mrs. Brookfield a particularly interesting letter in which he said:

> "Have you read Dickens? O! it is charming! brave Dickens! It has some of his very prettiest touches—those inimitable Dickens touches which make such a great man of him; and the reading of the book has done another author a great deal of good. In the first place it pleases the other author to see that Dickens, who has long left off alluding to the A's works, has been copying the O.A., and greatly simplifying his style, and overcoming the use of fine words. By this the public will be the gainer and *David Copperfield* will be improved by taking a lesson from 'Vanity Fair.' Secondly it has put me upon my metal; for ah! Madame, all the metal was out of me and I have been dreadfully and curiously cast down this month past. I say, secondly, it has put me on my metal and made me feel I must do something; that I have fame and name and family to support . . ."

And again in 1851, when he first delivered his lecture on "Sterne and Goldsmith" in his series of "English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century," Thackeray said, apropos of Sterne's and his contemporaries' indecency: "I think of these past writers and of one who lives amongst us now, and am grateful for the innocent laughter and the sweet and unsullied page which the author of *David Copperfield* gives to my children."

The finest tribute which Thackeray ever paid to Dickens's work, and perhaps the most generous tribute ever paid by an author to a contemporary, was made in another lecture, called "Charity and Humour," which he first delivered in America in 1852. Here it is:

> "As for the charities of Mr. Dickens, multiplied kindness which he has conferred upon us all; upon our children; upon people educated and uneducated; upon the myriads here and at home, who speak our common tongue; have not you, have not I, all of us reason to be thankful to this kind friend, who soothed and charmed so many hours, brought pleasure and sweet laughter to so many homes; made such multitudes of children happy; endowed us with such a sweet store of gracious thoughts, fair fancies, soft sympathies, hearty enjoyments? There are creations of Mr. Dickens's which seem to me to rank as personal benefits; figures so delightful that one feels happier and better for knowing them, as one does for being brought into the society of very good men and women. The atmosphere in which these people live is wholesome to breathe in; you feel that to be allowed to speak to them is a personal kindness; you come away better for your contact with them; your hands seem cleaner from having the privilege of shaking theirs. Was there ever a better charity sermon preached in the world than Dickens's *Christmas Carol?* I believe it occasioned immense hospitality throughout England; was the means of lighting up hundreds of kind fires at Christmas time; caused a wonderful outpouring of Christmas good feeling; of Christmas punch-brewing; an awful slaughter of

Christmas turkeys, and roasting and basting of Christmas beef. As for this man's love of children, that amiable organ at the back of his honest head must be perfectly monstrous. All children ought to love him. I know two that do, and read his books ten times for once that they peruse the dismal preachments of their father. I know one who, when she is happy, reads *Nicholas Nickleby*; when she is unhappy, reads *Nicholas Nickleby*; when she is tired, reads *Nicholas Nickleby*; when she is in bed, reads *Nicholas Nickleby*; when she has nothing to do, reads *Nicholas Nickleby*; and when she has finished the book, reads *Nicholas Nickleby* over again. This candid young critic, at ten years of age, said 'I like Mr. Dickens's books much better than your books, papa,' and frequently expressed her desire that the latter author should write a book like one of Mr. Dickens's books. Who can? Every man must say his own thoughts in his own voice, in his own way; lucky is he who has such a charming gift of nature as this, which brings all the children in the world trooping to him, and being fond of him.

"What a kind light of benevolence it is that plays round Crummles and the Phenomenon, and all those poor theatre people in that charming book! What a humour! and what a good humour! I coincide with the youthful critic, whose opinion has just been mentioned, and own to a family admiration for *Nicholas Nickleby*.

"One might go on, though the task would be endless and needless, chronicling the names of kind folk with whom this genius has made us familiar. Who does not love the Marchioness, and Mr. Richard Swiveller? Who does not sympathise, not only with Oliver Twist, but his admirable young friend the Artful Dodger? Who has not the inestimable advantage of possessing a Mrs. Nickleby in his own family? Who does not bless Sairey Gamp and wonder at Mrs. Harris? Who does not venerate the chief of that illustrious family who, being stricken by misfortune, wisely and greatly turned his attention to 'coals,' the accomplished, the Epicurean, the dirty, the delightful Micawber?

"I may quarrel with Mr. Dickens's art a thousand and a thousand times; I delight and wonder at his genius; I recognise in it—I speak with awe and reverence—a commission from that Divine Beneficence, whose blessed task we know it will one day be to wipe every tear from every eye. Thankfully I take my share of the feast of love and kindness which this gentle, and generous and charitable soul has contributed to the happiness of the world. I take and enjoy my share, and say a Benediction for the meal.

No wonder that Dickens wrote to Thackeray the day after that lecture was first delivered in England: "I am profoundly touched by your generous reference to me. I do not know how to tell you what a glow it spread over my heart."

You will have noticed that in Thackeray's lecture there is only one note of criticism—the words "I may quarrel with Mr. Dickens's art a thousand and a thousand times."

Well, fortunately there is a letter in existence, written by Thackeray in May, 1851, which elaborates and explains these words. It was written to David Masson, who had published a long critical review in a Scotch magazine of *Copperfield* and "Pendennis." Thackeray wrote:

"I don't know what to say respecting your present paper, comparisons being difficult, and no two minds in the least alike. I think Mr. Dickens has in many things quite a divine genius so to speak, and certain notes in his song are so delightful and admirable, that I should never think of trying to imitate him, only hold my tongue and admire him. I quarrel with his Art in many respects; which I don't think represents Nature duly; for instance Micawber appears to me an exaggeration of a man, as his name is of a name. It is delightful and makes me laugh: but it is no more a real man than my friend Punch is: and in so far I protest against him—and against the doctrine quoted by my Reviewer from Goethe too—holding that the Art of Novels *is* to represent Nature: to convey as strongly as possible the sentiment of reality—in a tragedy or a poem or a lofty drama you aim at producing different emotions; the figures moving, and their words sounding, heroically; but in a drawing room drama a coat is a coat and a poker a poker; and must be nothing else according to my ethics, not an embroidered tunic, nor a great red-hot instrument like the Pantomime weapon. But let what defects you (or rather I), will, be in Dickens's theory—there is no doubt according to my notion that his writing has one admirable quality—it is charming—that answers everything. Another may write the most perfect English, have the greatest fund of wit, learning and so forth—but I doubt if any novel-writer has that quality, that wonderful sweetness and freshness which belongs to Dickens . . ."

There is no doubt about it. Thackeray knew, enjoyed and greatly admired Dickens's work. I could give you many examples of his quotations from Dickens and references to Dickens's characters in his own books—"The Book of Snobs," "Vanity Fair" and so on.

On the other hand, we know practically nothing of what Dickens thought of Thackeray's writings. Indeed, when I came to prepare this talk, I was surprised to find that there is really practically no evidence that Dickens read any of Thackeray's books at all. There were a number of Thackeray's books in his library and I suppose he had read some of them, but at any rate he did not write about them, either in letters or in published articles, and I have not been able to find any quotations from Thackeray in Dickens's work, though perhaps some of you may be able to supply them.

I think we must take it Dickens was really rather insensible to Thackeray's genius, whereas Thackeray recognised and delighted in Dickens's. This should not surprise us, when we remember that Thackeray was a widely read and cultured critic not only of English but of French and German literature, while Dickens never had much time to add to his early browsings in Smollett, "Don Quixote" and a few other favourites. We should thus expect Thackeray's judgment of contemporary work to be safer and steadier than Dickens's, because he had a greater variety of high standards to judge by.

On two public occasions certainly, Dickens did pay tribute to Thackeray's work, but his words are a little conventional, and I am basing what I say on the absence of any more informal comment or

appreciation. George Augustus Sala, who knew them both, said in his reminiscences that Dickens did not feel the admiration for Thackeray's work that Thackeray felt for his; and I think that is about the truth of the matter.

Still Forster tells us that, when Dickens presided over a dinner given to Thackeray by sixty admirers in 1855, on the eve of his departure for America, he told Thackeray in his speech: "not alone how much his friendship was prized by those present and how proud they were of his genius," but offered him in the name of the tens of thousands absent who had never touched his hand or seen his face, life-long thanks for the treasures of mirth, wit and wisdom within the yellow-covered numbers of "Pendennis" and "Vanity Fair."

And again in 1858, when Thackeray presided over the annual festival of the General Theatrical Fund, Dickens said:

> "It is not for me at this time, and in this place, to take on myself to flutter before you the well-thumbed pages of Mr. Thackeray's books, and to tell you to observe how full they are of wit and wisdom, how out-speaking, and how devoid of fear or favour; but I will take leave to remark, in paying my due homage and respect to them, that it is fitting that such a writer and such an institution should be brought together. Every writer of fiction, although he may not adopt the dramatic form, writes in effect for the stage. He may never write plays; but the truth and passion which are in him must be more or less reflected in the great mirror which he holds up to nature. Actors, managers, and authors are all represented in this company, and it may be supposed that they all have studied the deep wants of the human heart in many theatres; but none of them could have studied its mysterious workings in any theatre to greater advantage than in the bright and airy pages of 'Vanity Fair.' To this skilful showman, who has so often delighted us, and who has charmed us again tonight, we have now to wish God speed, and that he may continue for many years to exercise his potent art."

IV.

So much then for Dickens's and Thackeray's opinions of each other's work.

Let us now return to their personal intercourse during the ten years that succeeded the publication of "Vanity Fair."

And first let me sound a word of warning. You will find in various books a number of stories and scraps of gossip, tending to show that Thackeray was jealous of Dickens or *vice versa*. I have taken the trouble to examine these carefully and I have come to the conclusion that there is really nothing in them. For the most part they came from unreliable sources and none of them is supported by any contemporary letter. There is no doubt that Thackeray envied Dickens his very large sales ("Vanity Fair" even during the time of the greatest success of the monthly issue, sold only about 7,000 copies, whereas the sale of Dickens's novels in parts frequently reached 20,000

to 25,000). But this was only because he was so anxious to make money in order to leave his two daughters each a substantial independence, and in his letters he always referred quite humorously to this disparity of sales.

Indeed there is no question that during those ten years Dickens and Thackeray and their respective families were on very pleasant cordial terms—the two fathers not perhaps intimate, but seeing a good deal of each other and enjoying each other's company.

Thackeray was nearly always asked to Dickens's numerous dinners to celebrate the beginning or conclusion of one of his books, and he and his daughters came often to the Dickens's Children's Theatricals. Forster has a pleasant story of the Theatricals on Twelfth Night of 1854, at Tavistock House, when young Ainger, later Canon Ainger, sang the famous old song of Villikins and his Dinah, and Thackeray rolled off his seat in a burst of laughter that became absurdly contagious. At a children's party at the Dickens's too, Lady Ritchie remembered Dickens marshalling all the small boys on the staircase to give Thackeray three cheers when he called to fetch his daughters. We have a record of an early party of Thackeray's in 1848, which he told Fitzgerald humorously, but rather pathetically, when we remember he had no hostess to preside over his table, "Mrs. Dickens and Miss Hogarth made me give it."

In the summer of 1854 the two families were both at Boulogne and we hear of Thackeray dining with Dickens and afterwards playing at forfeits and the game of buzz with the Dickens boys. Later Thackeray went off to Spa, but returned to smoke a farewell cigar with Dickens before leaving for London.

There was, too, in 1857, the episode of the Oxford City Election when Thackeray stood as a Liberal. He wrote to Dickens: "Come down and make a speech and tell them who I am, for I doubt whether more than two of the electors have heard of me, and I think there may be as many as six or eight who have heard of you."

After he had been defeated he wrote to Dickens: "It is what I expected and I take it as the British Schoolboy takes his floggings, sullenly and in silence."

By this time Thackeray and Dickens were fellow members of another Club, beside the Garrick, the Athenaeum, of which Dickens had been a member since 1838 and to which Thackeray was elected on the 25th February, 1851.

At the end of 1854 Dickens was elected to the Committee of the Garrick, of which body Thackeray had been a member for some time. Dickens served for two and a half years and he and Thackeray were present together at many meetings.

Indeed during these ten years I can only find one mention of any difference between the two and that seems singularly trivial.

On the 4th June, 1850, Macready wrote in his diary that Maclise told "him of a coolness between Thackeray and Dickens—that Thackeray in 1849 had been invited to the Royal Academy dinner

and Dickens not; that this year Dickens was asked and wrote a very stiff note, *declining*." To which Macready adds the very proper but rather pompous moral: "How weak are the wisest of us."

V.

We now reach that which, I think rather unfortunately, has always been regarded as the central incident in Dickens's relations with Thackeray—their famous quarrel at the Garrick Club.

However, we *must* look into the circumstances, which are not only striking in themselves but are of particular interest, because they raise an important question of principle in Club life.

The quarrel was the result of a scurrilous article about Thackeray written by Edmund Yates, a fellow member of the Garrick, whom some of the elder of those present to-night will remember, in later years, as editor and proprietor of the weekly paper "The World."

At that time Edmund Yates was twenty-seven years old. He was an eager but as yet little-known journalist, the son of Frederick Yates the actor. His father had been a member of the Garrick and young Yates had been elected nine years before.

Dickens had known Yates's father and mother well and liked them. He had known young Yates for four years, was god-father to one of his children, had interested himself in his journalistic career and had published occasional contributions from him in *Household Words* during the previous two years.

The story of this historic quarrel begins with the foundation in May, 1858, of a little topical weekly, "Town Talk," whose price was one penny.

In No. 5 of this paper, dated 5th June, 1858, appeared an enthusiastic eulogy of Charles Dickens in his new capacity as public reader and also an isolated paragraph as follows: "Mr. Thackeray is said to receive £200 a month from Messrs. Bradbury & Evans for the 'Virginians.'" Both were anonymous. The first was written by Edmund Yates and the paragraph about Thackeray's remuneration, which was incorrect, may have been written by Yates or may have been, as he afterwards averred, scissored material taken from another paper.

In the next number, No. 6, published on the 12th June, 1858, appeared the article on Thackeray which caused the trouble and, though again anonymous, Thackeray was soon informed that it was in fact from the pen of Edmund Yates.

The article itself was hack-work. It was headed "Literary Talk" and contained some curt praise of one or two of Thackeray's books. There was an unmannerly description of his personal appearance. But, worse than that, it contained two serious mis-statements of fact and an offensive innuendo. The mis-statements were that "'Vanity Fair' was offered to and rejected by several of the first publishers in London" and that "'Esmond' fell almost still-born from the press." The offensive suggestion was that Thackeray, having flattered the English aristocracy in his lectures here on the "English Humourists,"

hypocritically trimmed his sails for the benefit of American audiences and there attacked the same aristocracy in the "Four Georges." As a matter of fact he had already by 1858 delivered both series of lectures in the same form on each side of the Atlantic. I must point out, however, that Yates's article does not mention the Garrick Club nor, as far as I can see, is there anything in the article which could not, at that time, have equally well have been written by a man who was not a member of the Club and had never met Thackeray there.

As soon as Thackeray learnt that Yates was the author of the article he wrote to him what may be fairly described as a "snorter," ending with this paragraph:

> "We meet at a club where, before you were born, I believe, I and other gentlemen have been in the habit of talking without any idea that our conversation would supply paragraphs for professional vendors of 'Literary Talk'; and I don't remember that out of that club I have ever exchanged six words with you. Allow me to inform you that the talk which you have heard there is not intended for newspaper remark, and to beg—as I have a right to do—that you will refrain from printing comments upon my private conversations; that you will forego discussions, however blundering, upon my private affairs; and that you will henceforth please to consider any question of my personal truth and sincerity as quite out of the province of your criticism."

The sequel was swift. Yates took Thackeray's letter round to Dickens for advice. Dickens assisted him to draft a defiant reply. Thackeray referred the article and subsequent correspondence to the Garrick Committee, asking "whether the complaints I have against Mr. Yates are not well founded, and whether the practice of publishing such articles as that which I enclose will not be fatal to the comfort of the Club, and is not intolerable in a society of gentlemen."

The Committee met, agreed that they were competent to consider the matter, and decided that Yates must apologise to Thackeray or retire from the Club. Yates appealed to a General Meeting of the Club, which was duly held on 10th July, 1858, when 127 members were present. Eleven abstained from voting, forty-six voted for Yates but seventy supported the Committee. Yates was given ten days thereafter to apologise and, not having done so, was expelled from the Club.

Throughout this heated dispute Dickens was an ardent supporter of Yates. He advised him at every turn and was the principal spokesman for him at the General Meeting.

It has often been stated that Dickens resigned from the Garrick as a result of the Yates affair. This is incorrect. He resigned from the Committee, by letter which the Club possesses, from Gad's Hill, dated the 12th July, 1858, in which he re-iterated thus his contention that the Committee had no right to adjudicate on what he insisted was a matter of taste:

> "Gentlemen,
>
> As I had the misfortune to differ from you on the whole principle of last Saturday's discussion, and as I cannot take upon myself the

very difficult and unsatisfactory functions which you understand to attach to your Body, but which I believe that Body has no right to assume, I beg your permission to resign my seat at your Board.

I am, Gentlemen,

With much regard,

Faithfully Yours,

Charles Dickens."

The frigid politeness of this letter is in amusing contrast with the warmth of a letter written ten days later from Tavistock House to Palgrave Simpson, a fellow member:

"The Committee seem to me to have gone perfectly mad. I really never met with such ridiculous assumption and preposterous imbecility in my life before.

"Like you I should 'boil with indignation' if I had not a vent. But I have. Upon my soul, when I picture them to myself in that back-yard, conceiving that they shake the Earth, I fall into fits of laughter which make my daughters laugh, away at Gadshill, until the tears run down their cheeks."

Dickens has been much criticized for the part he played in this matter. Certain it is that, if he had for a moment considered posterity's opinion and his own convenience, he would never have taken the line that he did, since it has led inevitably to his being charged with emnity for and jealousy of Thackeray. Indeed it has been suggested that Thackeray and Dickens had already quarrelled about something else altogether and that Yates was merely a catspaw between two eminent men ready to thwart each other. There is no reliable evidence to support this idea.

I think myself that there are two explanations of Dickens's conduct.

The first is his own mental state at that time. 1858 was a vital year in Dickens's life. In that year, just before the Yates affair, Dickens separated from his wife and their quarrel became public property with all the mental anguish that in mid-Victorian times that involved. Furthermore in April, 1858, Dickens began his first series of public readings from his own works, which we all know now were a great strain on his health and in the end shortened his life considerably. At the moment when the Thackeray-Yates quarrel flared up Dickens was undoubtedly in a highly nervous frame of mind.

The second explanation is one that, perhaps, does more credit to Dickens's heart than to his head but one that is highly characteristic of him. In Dickens's youth there had been three or four years of misery, oppression and degradation. He had fought his way out of these to his own splendid position. But he had not forgotten. All his life afterwards he was the champion of youth against age, of the small man against the big man. One sees it again and again. The theme recurs in his books. Think of Oliver Twist, of Smike, of Little Nell, of David Copperfield himself! Yates was a young man with a family, a protégé of Dickens, struggling, as Dickens himself had struggled, to make his way in the world as a journalist. When Yates first brought

him Thackeray's stern letter, I think Dickens forgot the serious provocation, forgot his own old friendship with Thackeray, thought only that here was a successful elder author seeking to crush a young and struggling one, and at once, without weighing pros and cons, plunged in on the side of the younger man.

Dickens's expressed attitude was of course that Yates's article did not mention the Garrick Club nor anything which had been said or done there, and was therefore no business of the Committee's. Thackeray and the prevailing majority took the view that it was an article that no member of a decent club should have written about another member and therefore that the Committee was fully entitled to take cognisance of it. Heaven forfend that such an incident should ever occur in the Garrick, or elsewhere, again, but it might, and it is therefore well to be clear on the principle involved.

I think myself, but others may well disagree, that, whereas on the one hand clearly it would be an absurdity if membership of a Club like the Garrick entitled a member to redress at the hands of the Committee every time a fellow member criticised him or his work, yet on the other hand members are justified in expecting that their fellow members, in writing or speaking of each other, shall do rather more than just keep on the windy side of the law of libel and slander.

If I am right about this, then obviously there will be occasions when a Club Committee must judge between member and member, and the matter at issue will always be, ex hypothesis, a matter of taste.

Presumably Dickens thought that an aggrieved member should be left to his remedy at law (if any), but I myself am inclined to agree with Thackeray that that policy would be fatal to the comfort of a Club and intolerable in a society of gentlemen.

Well, Yates was duly expelled from the Garrick on the 20th July, 1858, and then in November Dickens made one final effort to mediate between him and Thackeray. He had no success, however, for Thackeray replied that, having put the whole dispute in the hands of the committee of the Club, he could not now take any personal step in the matter.

Unfortunately, however, this episode completely, and I suppose inevitably, estranged Dickens and Thackeray. In fact they never spoke to each other again until just before Thackeray's death.

It is pleasant to recall, however, that the fact that the two fathers had quarrelled did not prevent their children from remaining friends. Thackeray's younger daughter, Minnie, had formed a great affection for Kate Dickens, and this affection was continued and indeed increased, when, in the summer of 1860, the latter married Charles, the brother of Wilkie Collins. Indeed, Thackeray dined with the Collinses four days before his death in 1863, when, we are told, he was "in famous spirits and full of fun."

Nevertheless, for five years Dickens and Thackeray never spoke until, on or about the 16th December, 1863, they met face to face in the hall of the Athenaeum Club. They were about to pass each other, as they must have done many times in those five years, when Thackeray

turned back, held out his hand and Dickens grasped it. They had a few words of reconciliation, went their ways and never saw each other again, for within eight days, on the morning of Christmas Eve, 1863, Thackeray was found by his mother and daughters lying dead in his bed.

At the special request of the Proprietors of the "Cornhill," Thackeray's own magazine, Dickens wrote for their number of February, 1864, an "In Memoriam" of Thackeray. To many of you this article will be quite familiar, but, as it does not appear in the ordinary editions of Dickens, I propose to end by quoting a few paragraphs from it, written in a vein of warm emotion and tenderness quite foreign to our modern cold, calculating obituaries.

"I saw him first, nearly twenty-eight years ago, when he proposed to become the illustrator of my earliest book. I saw him last, shortly before Christmas, at the Athenæum Club, when he told me that he had been in bed three days—that, after these attacks, he was troubled with cold shiverings, 'which quite took the power of work out of him'—and that he had it in his mind to try a new remedy which he laughingly described. He was very cheerful, and looked very bright. In the night of that day week, he died.

"The long interval between those two periods is marked in my remembrance of him by many occasions when he was supremely humorous, when he was irresistibly extravagant, when he was softened and serious, when he was charming with children. But, by none do I recall him more tenderly than by two or three that start out of the crowd, when he unexpectedly presented himself in my room, announcing how that some passage in a certain book had made him cry yesterday, and how that he had come to dinner, 'because he couldn't help it,' and must talk such passage over. No one can ever have seen him more genial, natural, cordial, fresh, and honestly impulsive, than I have seen him at those times. No one can be surer than I of the greatness and goodness of the heart that then disclosed itself.

"We had our differences of opinion. I thought that he too much feigned a want of earnestness, and that he made a pretence of undervaluing his art, which was not good for the art that he held in trust. But, when we fell upon these topics, it was never very gravely, and I have a lively image of him in my mind, twisting both his hands in his hair, and stamping about, laughing, to make an end of the discussion.

"He had a particular delight in boys, and an excellent way with them. I remember him once asking me, with fantastic gravity, when he had been to Eton where my eldest son then was, whether I felt as he did in regard of never seeing a boy without wanting instantly to give him a sovereign? I thought of this when I looked down into his grave, after he was laid there, for I looked down into it over the shoulder of a boy to whom he had been kind.

"These are slight remembrances; but it is to little familiar things suggestive of the voice, look, manner, never, never more to be encountered on this earth, that the mind first turns in a bereavement. And greater things that are known of him, in the way of his warm affections, his quiet endurance, his unselfish thoughtfulness for others, and his munificent hand, may not be told.

"But, on the table before me, there lies all that he had written of his latest and last story.

"The last line he wrote, and the last proof he corrected, are among these papers through which I have so sorrowfully made my way. The condition of the little pages of manuscript where Death stopped his hand, shows that he had carried them about, and often taken them out of his pocket here and there, for patient revision and interlineation. The last words he corrected in print, were, 'And my heart throbbed with an exquisite bliss.' God grant that on that Christmas Eve when he laid his head back on his pillow and threw up his arms as he had been wont to do when very weary, some consciousness of duty done and Christian hope throughout life humbly cherished, may have caused his own heart so to throb, when he passed away to his Redeemer's rest."

EDITORIAL NOTE.—The foregoing is a verbatim report of the lecture delivered in London in December last. In reference thereto, Mr. William Miller has sent us an interesting communication in which he points out that one of the reasons for Dickens's championship of Yates in the Garrick Club affair may have been the latter's great sympathy with Dickens over the scandalous rumours circulated at the time of his separation from his wife, which caused Dickens to publish his "statement." In the issue of "Town Talk" for June 19th, 1858, the week after the publication of the article to which Thackeray took exception, appeared the following:

"CHARLES DICKENS

"The higher the pedestal on which a man, by the exercise of honour, talent, and industry, has raised himself, the more numerous are his detractors, the more bitter his opponents. For many years Mr. Charles Dickens has been the honoured, loved, and trusted favourite of all capable of reading the English language and of appreciating the highest talent allied with the purest mind. A domestic matter, with which the general public cannot have the slightest concern, and into which it is clearly not our province to enter, has given occasion for the fabrication of certain lies, so preposterous in their malice, as almost to defeat the design of their concocters; but the very nature of which, involving as it did the name of most innocent and worthy persons, demanded instant denial. This denial Mr. Dickens has made in a most solemn and earnest public statement, a statement breathing truth in every line. Such a denial was necessary, but having been made, it is henceforth our duty to be silent, not even uttering our deep regret, outbalanced as even this must be by our rejoicing that the name and fame of Charles Dickens are still untarnished, and by our hope that we may again and again find blameless pleasure in his writings, drawing from them new lessons in charity and goodness and lending to our teacher a still unshaken faith."

We are glad of the opportunity of printing the above paragraph, as it is a valuable addition to the history of the Garrick Club incident. The columns of this magazine will ensure its preservation and it will, we hope, be more available for reference than in "Town Talk," now many years dead and forgotten, and possibly only kept in the newspaper files at the British Museum.

WHEN DICKENS PUT THE QUESTION

By MURIEL M. MALVERN

DICKENS was an irrepressible match-maker. It was only natural that he should be, for he, who shared so fully the joys and sorrows of the people of his creation, had here a subject which was replete with possibilities.

It gave him, too, unlimited opportunities of introducing a host of hangers-on, ambitious parents, jealous sisters, spiteful female friends, gay coquettes, unrequited lovers, to enrich the vast company of characters who live within the covers of his books, and to add considerably to our amusement.

To illustrate but one aspect of this, it is only necessary to remember how much poorer we should be without such flashes of insight into feminine whims and ways as the account of the adventures which befell Charity Pecksniff after Jonas had slighted her, or the description of the quarrel with Miss Price which Miss Squeers had very largely brought about " by aspiring to the high state and condition of being matrimonially engaged, without good grounds for so doing."

Mr. Pickwick once " requested his attendant not to jest with one of the best feelings of our nature." That was, I think, a precept " more honoured in the breach, than the observance " by Dickens, though, whenever he jests with it, he never gives offence.

The raw earnestness of a Mr. Toots or a Mr. Guppy is ruthlessly presented, but we can still feel, in the midst of our laughter at their discomfiture, that respect for them which Little Dorrit felt for her admirer, Young John, when he told her that he " had for a long time—ages they " seemed to him—" revolving ages—a heart-cherished wish to say something to " her.

Ruthless, also, is Dickens's definition of the transitory stages of affection. David Copperfield, in particular, has to run through a wide gamut of emotion : first, little Em'ly ; then Miss Shepherd, to whom Brazil nuts, " soft, seedy biscuits . . . and oranges innumerable " are presented at a tender age ; next Miss Larkins ; an idyllic interlude with the child-wife and lasting happiness with Agnes. And, though David's career is dimmed with sorrow, Dickens loses no opportunities of making gentle fun of him.

It would have been sad indeed if any conscientious scruples had robbed us of some of the most characteristic passages of Dickensian humour ; if, for instance, we had never heard the account of " the first passage of Mr. Weller's first love."

> " Get your hat, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick.
>
> " It's below stairs, sir," said Sam, and he ran down after it.
>
> Now, there was nobody in the kitchen, but the pretty house-maid ; and as Sam's hat was mislaid, he had to look for it ; and the pretty house-maid lighted him. They had to look all over the place for the hat. The pretty house-maid, in her anxiety to find it, went down on her knees, and turned over all the things that were heaped together in a little corner by the door. It was an awkward corner. You couldn't get at it without shutting the door first.

"Here it is," said the pretty house-maid. "This is it, ain't it?"

"Let me look," said Sam.

The pretty house-maid had stood the candle on the floor; as it gave a very dim light, Sam was obliged to go down on his knees before he could see whether it really was his own hat or not. It was a remarkably small corner, and so . . . Sam and the pretty house-maid were necessarily very close together.

"Yes, this is it," said Sam. "Good bye!"

"Good bye!" said the pretty house-maid.

"Good bye!" said Sam; and as he said it, he dropped the hat that had cost so much trouble in looking for.

"How awkward you are," said the pretty house-maid. "You'll lose it again, if you don't take care."

So, just to prevent his losing it again, she put it on for him.

Whether it was that the pretty house-maid's face looked prettier still, when it was raised towards Sam's, or whether it was the accidental consequence of their being so near to each other, is matter of uncertainty to this day; but Sam kissed her.

"You don't mean to say you did that on purpose," said the pretty house-maid, blushing.

"No, I didn't then," said Sam; "but I will now."

So he kissed her again.

"Sam!" said Mr. Pickwick, calling over the banisters.

"Coming, sir," replied Sam, running up stairs.

"How long you have been!" said Mr. Pickwick.

"There was something behind the door, sir, which perwented our getting it open, for ever so long, sir," replied Sam.

It is easy to scoff at Dickens's sentimentality, and it must be admitted that those who do so score in some of his love-passages. The heroics of a Harry Maylie, for instance, need some apology. But I submit, in passing, that an age which tolerates the crooner can hardly afford to be critical on this point!

The insipidity of some of his young women is another matter for comment. It says much for Dickens's artistry that he was able to make such charming and memorable characters as David Copperfield's Dora, Dolly Varden and Bella Wilfer out of such exasperating material.

Personally, although I know that there is much to admire in the character of Ruth Pinch, I can never quite forgive her for the very watery reception with which she met John Westlock's proposal. It would have been sufficient to dampen the ardour of any less resolute young man!

Dickens was sometimes a daring match-maker. Mr. Dombey's alliance with Edith Granger, Wemmick's abrupt marriage to Miss Skiffins, and Mrs. MacStinger's capture of the unwilling Bunsby are totally dissimilar, but obvious, examples. The Wemmick and MacStinger episodes are unforgettable specimens of Dickensian humour.

Daring, too, and not a little surprising, was the proposal which Jonas Chuzzlewit made in the presence of his future wife's sister; but the reception with which it met illuminates more than one actor in the scene.

The wooing of a heroine by the villain of the piece is a time-honoured device for heightening suspense, and Dickens makes good use of it in *Our Mutual Friend* when Lizzie Hexam, whose own love-story is in the true romantic tradition, is passionately invoked by Bradley Headstone.

The wooing of Rosa Bud by Mr. Jasper and of Mary Graham by Mr. Pecksniff are notable scenes which serve a similar purpose.

It was, I suppose, a kind of poetical justice—that poetical justice which, as Tom Pinch says, enables " a character in a book . . . by some impossible means or other " to " come, at least, to marry the person " he or she loves—which ordained that Tim Linkinwater and Miss La Creevy should marry each other at the end of *Nicholas Nickleby*.

> " Oh, nonsense ! " replied Miss La Creevy, laughing. " We are too old."
>
> " Not a bit," said Tim, " we are too old to be single. Why shouldn't we both be married, instead of sitting through the long winter evenings by our solitary fireside ? Why shouldn't we make one fireside of it, and marry each other ? "
>
> " Oh Mr. Linkinwater, you're joking ! "
>
> " No, no, I'm not. I'm not indeed," said Tim. " I will, if you will. Do, my dear ! "
>
> " It would make people laugh so."
>
> " Let 'em laugh," cried Tim stoutly, " we have good tempers I know, and we'll laugh too . . ."

Incidentally, the courting of Mrs. Corney by Mr. Bumble was similarly tinged with thoughts of domestic economy ; but Mr. Bumble's crafty methods were far removed from the artless simplicity of Tim's, and they met their just reward.

To the romantically-minded reader—and that means to every reader—it must be a source of sorrow that so much of Dickens's love-making takes place " off stage," as it were ; that, on so many occasions, we are not invited to be present when Dickens put the question.

It is known that Dickens, at times, would incorporate in his work suggestions which had been made to him. I wish that he could have been persuaded to tell us more fully what took place when Dick Swiveller proposed to the Marchioness. The fact that " whatever she said, it wasn't NO " is not enough. I, for one, like Oliver Twist, want some more ! And perhaps that is another tribute to Dickens's genius !

WORDS OF CHEER

" I ENCLOSE my cheque for a further year's subscription to *The Dickensian*. Believe me there is no subscription that I pay more willingly than this."—ARTHUR ELLIOT SPROUL, New York.

(*Continued from page* 95)

picture of Dickens giving a Reading was reproduced in *The Dickensian*, 1907, page 282.

Alfred Bryan, who died in 1899, was also the author of a series of full-length studies of the principal Dickens characters. These appeared in *Jack and Jill* (1886). A. S.

ALFRED BRYAN, whose cartoon representing Dickens and C. A. Fechter is reproduced above, was a well-known illustrator and caricaturist of the eighteen seventies and eighties. He was born in 1852, and it is possible that this clever drawing was executed in Dickens's lifetime, for Bryan contributed while still a boy to "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News," "The Entr'Acte," and "Moonshine."

The same artist has represented Dickens and Thackeray standing together, though in a less friendly attitude. The drawing was reproduced in A. E. Newton's "The Amenities of Book-Collecting" (1918) and in *The Dickensian* for April, 1919. Bryan's well-known

(*Continued at foot of opposite page*

A VISIT TO SOME LANDLADIES

By WINNIFRED MOORE

I AM sure you have all visited Dickens's Lodging Houses and met their Landladies at various times, and have there found humour and pathos. Also I am sure one or more of those Landladies have crossed your path in the flesh during some part of your lives. A Landlady I have always looked upon with a mingling of awe and respect, as possessing a sixth sense, with a streak of hardness in it. This seems to be necessary if she is to meet the demands made upon her. Feeding the inner man was the least of the worries of Mrs. Tibbs in *Sketches by Boz*. Did she not have to contend with a man " with no stomach whatever," also a marriage, a breach of promise trial, and an elopement, a combination of which finally deprived her of all her lodgers !

Perhaps you would like to come with me to meet Mrs. Tibbs at her lodging house, which is to be found between the Museum and Somerstown, and, if her advertisement tells truly, within ten minutes of everywhere ; the situation certainly should appeal. On arrival please be careful, for her area steps and brass knocker are so highly polished that one feels afraid to use either. I am sure you have all met a Mrs. Tibbs at some time or other in places where the dropping of a crumb is considered a crime. But the inevitable always happens, spilt tea or some slight accident makes the guilty one feel a veritable criminal. Mrs. Tibbs's advertisement offers to six individuals the comfort of a musical home in a select private family. One can visualise what a medley that musical home might mean in this age of wireless and gramophones. We find Mrs. Tibbs bright, bustling, and talkative, but where is Mr. Tibbs, that prince of henpecked husbands ? He is there in the abstract. Here I feel like coining a word by saying he is there in the subtract, because he is to his wife what the nought is to ninety—of some importance with her, but nothing without her.

Now we pass on to Eaton Square where we find " The House without the Knocker," also from *Sketches by Boz*. This house is run by a city clerk who advertises rooms for a single gentleman. His first two lodgers being unsatisfactory, he alters the advertisement to " Furnished apartments let on the 1st Floor." His next lodgers are a poor widow and her son, a plucky, delicate youth who works hard at copying writings, until he finally has to give up the struggle. We will not enter the house without the knocker, but pass with bowed heads, as death hovers here.

I think I will now ask you to go with me to Mrs. Bardell's house in Goswell Street. But why are all the men hesitating to follow me ? Is it that Mrs. Bardell is a widow, and instinctively the stronger sex think of Tony Weller's warning, " Beware of widders." Do not hesitate ; Mrs. Bardell was more sinned against than sinning, and has long ago learned her lesson at the hands of Dodson and Fogg. Come on, men, you will find Mrs. Bardell a comely woman of a bustling and agreeable appearance, with a natural genius for cooking, which by

study and long practice has developed into an exquisite talent. I believe you would all like to linger now that you have found good cooking combined with cleanliness and restfulness, no servants, no fowls or children ; Master Bardell's days being spent in the neighbouring streets. The only lodger is a quiet man of regular habits. Mr. Pickwick reigned in this peaceful atmosphere until the misunderstanding arose which caused the Bardell-Pickwick case.

In *Pickwick Papers* also we have another lodging house. Here we make the acquaintance of Mrs. Raddle, who lets her lodging to Bob Sawyer, who carouses here with his bachelor friends. The population of Lant Street is migratory, usually disappearing on the verge of quarter day, generally by night. Mrs. Raddle does not supply Bob's meals, but is temporarily financing those brought by the pot-boy, the muffin youth and the hot-potato man. Here we are in Lant Street at an opportune time, for Bob is giving a party in honour of Mr. Pickwick and his friends. Mrs. Raddle like the worm has turned, and like all strikers she has chosen this very inconvenient time to demand payment long overdue for rent and food supplies, much to the embarrassment of poor Bob, who, I believe, would rather face a firing squad than a vicious little woman like Mrs. Raddle. Oh, how she is getting up steam. Look at Mr. Pickwick's indignation as she tells him to " Get along, you old wretch." How Mrs. Raddle is enjoying herself. To her it is quite worth a quarter and some months rent to have the opportunity to give vent to her feelings. I think it will be as well not to embarrass Bob any longer, so we will leave him. We will also leave poor Mr. Raddle, whom we can picture in bed with his hair standing on end, and his head well under the bed-clothes dreading an onslaught from his better half.

And now, away to Bevis Marks to meet Sally Brass, clerk, assistant, housekeeper, intriguer, a kind of amazon at common law ; Brass by name and nature. Look at the notice on the knocker. " First floor to let to a single gentleman." I wonder if you will apply after meeting Sally. Let me introduce you. Thirty-five (or thereabouts), of a gaunt bony figure and a resolute bearing. In face she bears a striking resemblance to her brother Sampson. So exact indeed is the likeness between them, it would be difficult for the oldest friend of the family to determine which is which, especially as the lady carries upon her upper lip certain reddish demonstrations, which, if the imagination had been assisted by her attire, might be mistaken for a moustache. These are, however, in all probability nothing more than eyelashes in the wrong place, as the eyes of Miss Brass are quite free from any such natural impertinences. In complexion Miss Brass is sallow, rather a dirty sallow, but this hue is agreeably relieved by the healthy glow which mantles the extreme tip of her laughing nose. Her voice is exceedingly impressive, deep and rich in quality : once heard, not easily forgotten. I think the modern youth would say Sally is " A nasty bit of work." Isn't it a dingy, dirty establishment with that pathetic little old-fashioned figure to attend to it ? Poor little Marchioness, how cruelly she is treated, and how starved she looks. " Go farther

away from that leg of mutton or you'll be picking it I know." The girl withdraws into a corner while Miss Brass takes a key from her pocket, and opening the safe, brings from it a dreary waste of cold potatoes looking as eatable as Stonehenge. "Do you see this?" says Miss Brass, slicing off about two square inches of cold mutton. "Yes." "Then don't you ever go and say," retorts Sally, "that you hadn't meat here. There eat it up. Now do you want any more?" "No." "You've been helped once to meat, you have had as much as you can eat, you're asked if you want any more and you answer, No. Then don't you ever go and say you were allowanced, mind that."

We have now drifted to Windsor Terrace, City Road, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Micawber. I am sure there is no need to introduce you. We meet little David Copperfield lodging here in a back room at the top of the house. How poor and bare are the surroundings. Here at least, David has found kindness and comparative happiness with his two mercurial friends, whose pecuniary difficulties never allow depression completely to overcome their natural optimism. When finally the Micawbers have to move in to the Kings Bench Prison, David (who has become very attached to them) is gratified with the arrangements made to have his bed moved to a little room in a house just outside the walls of the prison. His room is a quiet back garret with a sloping roof commanding a pleasant prospect of a timber yard; quite a paradise.

We next meet David in chambers in the Adelphi with Mrs. Crupp. David is feeling very uplifted at having his own chambers to which he can invite his friends, so how would you like to visit him? Right at the top of the house. Let us look round. What a dark little entry. Here is the pantry. Come and inspect his other rooms. A sitting room and bedroom. This is Mrs. Crupp. She is stout with a flounce of flannel petticoat below her nankeen gown. I'm rather overawed on meeting Mrs. Crupp. I fancy I have met her type somewhere in my travels, when she has looked me right in the eyes whilst fixing the price of a bath at 6d. and wireless at 1/- a week, knowing that the latter hardly moves the meter. That is what I mean by the Landlady's sixth sense, making every post a winning post. Betsey Trotwood lodged here for a while in a continual state of guerilla warfare with Mrs. Crupp, striking such terror to her breast by her vigorous behaviour, that finally the once bold Mrs. Crupp becomes so faint-hearted, that she endeavours to hide in dark corners rather than meet Miss Trotwood. Betsey finds great satisfaction and comfort in being so close to the river in case of a conflagration, of which she seems to live in continual dread whilst in London.

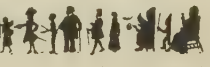
Would you like to go now with me to Mrs. Todgers's Commercial Boarding House where Mr. Pecksniff lodged for awhile with his daughters Cherry and Merry? I am sorry it is such a damp dismal day. What a dingy edifice the Commercial Boarding House is, standing in a paved yard near the Monument. Todgers's is hemmed in on every side by buildings (which incidentally keep all light and air from reaching it), and one has to approach it by groping through devious

lanes, court-yards, and passages, in fact, no maze could be harder to negotiate. Inside the house it is likely to be dark at any time of the day. An odd smell pervades the passage, as if the concentrated essence of all the dinners that have been cooked in the kitchen since the house was built linger at the top of the kitchen stairs to this hour. In particular there is a suspicion of cabbage as if all the greens that have ever been boiled were evergreens and flourished in immortal strength. Let us go into the parlour, which is wainscoted, and communicates to strangers an instinctive foreboding of rats and mice. The balusters of the gloomy staircase are so thick and heavy that they would serve for a bridge. In a sombre corner of the first landing stands a gruff old giant of a clock with a preposterous coronet of three brass balls on his head. Todgers's has not been painted or papered within the memory of man. It is bleak, begrimed, and mouldy, and at the top of the staircase is an old disjointed, rickety, ill-favoured skylight, patched and mended in all sorts of ways, and looking distrustfully down at everything that passes below, and covers Todgers's up as if it is a sort of cucumber frame, beneath which only people of peculiar growth are reared. Mrs. Todgers is rather bony and hard featured, has a row of curls in front of her head shaped like little barrels of beer, and on top of it something made of net. Mrs. Todgers will give you a very gushing welcome, in fact, a very affectionate one.

I think we will now look for Captain Cuttle's lodgings, and when found make a note of. Captain Cuttle lodges with Mrs. MacStinger in Brig Place on the brink of a little canal near the India Docks. If ever a man lived in mortal dread of a woman, it is Captain Cuttle. He will get under way often while Mrs. MacStinger still sleeps, so much does he dread her vicious tongue. The sound of her foot downstairs at any time of the day is sufficient to throw him into a fit of trembling, so he will leave her at the hour of midnight, when Brig Place was buried in slumber, and the dragon MacStinger was lulled in sweet oblivion. Mrs. MacStinger's cleaning day starts before 3 a.m. and never ends till 12 midnight.

Feeling it wise to end on a happy note, I have left our last visit for the Queen of Landladies, Mrs. Lirriper. To me it seems a misnomer to call her a Landlady. I would rather speak of her as a philanthropist, and her house as a haven, for she spends her life helping lame dogs over stiles. We will, therefore, end our round of calls at 81 Norfolk Street, situated midway between the City and St. James's, within five minutes' walk of the principal places of public amusement. Mrs. Lirriper chatters in her rambling way on the running of lodging houses, also on her star boarder, The Major, and on poor Lirriper, her departed spouse. Lirriper left his wife nothing but debts, and even here her good nature and honesty prevails, for she set herself the hard task of paying off every penny owed by her late husband, and when she has by hard work achieved this object, she packs a little basket with a sandwich and a drop of sherry, and journeys to her husband's grave at Hatfield, kissing her hand and laying it with a kind of proud and swelling love on his grave. Her wedding ring is

worn quite fine and smooth when she lays it on the green waving grass. Servant girls, Mrs. Lirriper will tell you, after fixtures, are your first and lasting trouble, being like teeth which begin with convulsions and never cease tormenting you from the time you cut them till they cut you. With girls nine times out of ten you get a dirty face, and naturally lodgers do not like good society to be shown in with a smear of black across the nose or a smudgy eyebrow. Yet there it is always on her nose, which, turning up and being broad on the end, seems to boast of it, and causes warning from a steady gentleman, an excellent lodger with breakfast by the week and use of a sitting room when required, but a little irritable. His words being " Mrs. Lirriper, I have arrived at the point of admitting that the black is a man and a brother, but only in a natural form and when it can't be got off." Mrs. Lirriper, this lovable, talkative woman, went on from day to day doing kind deeds and even helping her rival Miss Wozenham when she was in great distress. She is, indeed, the Queen of all landladies !



A LITERARY LABYRINTH

That supreme embodiment of hypocrisy and cant, Chadband, assures us that " Terewth is the lamp of heaven," and in his Preface to *American Notes* Dickens tells us, " The truth is the truth, and neither childish absurdities nor unscrupulous contradictions can make it otherwise."

How can you reconcile these words with the following passages, both of which occur in *Martin Chuzzlewit* :

" There are some truths. cold, bitter, taunting truths, wherein your worldly scholars are very apt and punctual, which bind men down to earth with leaden chains."

" There are some falsehoods . . . on which men mount, as on angels' wings, towards heaven."

I wonder whether Dickens was thinking of choice and consequences ; criticism and commendation ; selfishness and sensibility.

So many people overlook the fact that a choice they make entails consequences, after which if not what they desire, they blame other people.

There are good and bad points in every character, and some people make a point of criticising the bad points, and overlooking the good ones, seeming to take a sadistic pleasure in causing mental pain to other people. Truly, as Shakespeare says :

" Men's evil deeds live in brass,
Their virtues we write in water."

At any rate, these critics too. The axiom of " never to say or do anything likely to cause another either mental or bodily pain " is a good one, but how few follow it. There are many other ways out of the labyrinth, but I will leave the reader to trace them,

C. Tyndall Wulcko.

Congratulations to the Eastbourne Branch, which collected £62 at Christmas as the result of their party of Carol singers ; this sum has been distributed among local hospitals.

FINISHING TOUCHES TO CHARACTERIZATION

By WILLIAM CROSBY BENNETT

ALL Dickensians agree, I believe, that Dickens excelled in the characterization of odd persons, and drew with an unerring pen the peculiar and the whimsical; that he expended his great power of imaginative sympathy on the impecunious, the least fortunate, the backwash of civilisation; yet he could, when so inclined, as vividly portray, with that same magic pen, the clever rascal, the polished gentleman, the titled baronet, or any other type of humanity he chose to select.

To me his method of character building often seems to be a kind of interpretation, through idiosyncrasy; as, for example, the uncommon touch of humour and language in Sam Weller and Alfred Jingle, the mental kink in Miss Flite, the peculiar pattern of Mr. Mantalini's clothes, and so on; but to many of these creations he subtly adds some finishing touch that brings them out even more strongly and sharply by describing a change of expression or play of feature, in which the colour of the hair or the eyes or the skin, the shape of the nose or the mouth, the regularity or irregularity of the teeth, or other marked characteristics are effectively used. And what is perhaps the most amazing of all is the fact that among the multiple scores thus skilfully drawn, no two are alike.

It was not more than a dozen years after the author's death that I first read *Little Dorrit*, but to this day I can recall the nasty impression the scoundrel Rigaud made upon me when reading his description in the book. It needed no illustrator's art to get a mental picture of those two sharp eyes, too close together, that glistened and glittered malignantly when they opened and shut; that hooked nose, up too high between the eyes; and especially, when Monsieur Rigaud laughed, of that black moustache which went up under his nose as his nose came down over his moustache, in a very cruel and sinister manner. It is some little touch like this that Dickens quietly inserts to impress upon the reader an intended characterization.

And again, in the portrayal of the smooth, selfish, haughty Marquis St. Evrémonde, it will be recalled what an important part his nose plays. It was a fine, beautifully-shaped nose, *but* at the top of each nostril it is slightly pinched, and in these two compressions, or dints, resided the only change his cold face ever showed. They persisted in changing colour, and would occasionally be dilated and contracted by something like a faint pulsation; then they gave a look of treachery and cruelty to the whole countenance. Quite in contrast but somewhat similar in effectiveness, the olfactory organ of Arthur Gride, set in a shrivelled and yellow face where the few grey tufts of brow and beard seemed to denote the badness of the soil from whence they sprung, was sharp and prominent, and seemed to give a finishing touch to traits of avarice and greediness in that grasping old usurer's heart.

In the case of Mr. Carker, the manager at Dombey and Son, two unbroken rows of glistening teeth served the purpose of showing the kind of man behind them. Their regularity and whiteness were most distressing. In fact, it was impossible for one to escape the observation of them; for that polished scoundrel showed them whenever he spoke and bore so wide a smile upon his countenance (a smile very rarely extending beyond his mouth) that there was something in it like the snarl of a cat.

But it is the eye to which Dickens resorts most frequently as an index to goodness or badness, weakness or strength. Chuffy, weazen-faced old clerk to Anthony Chuzzlewit, was blear-eyed; Creakle, the brutal schoolmaster to whom Murdstone sends young Copperfield, had exceedingly small orbs set deep in a fiery face; those of Gashford, Lord George Gordon's secretary, also seemed to have made an unnatural retreat into his head, and dug themselves a cave in which to hide; Dennis, the executioner, who finally gets a dose of his own medicine, is another with small eyes, but his are so near together that only his broken nose prevents their fusing into one.

Then, too, it will be remembered, "volatile" Miss Mowcher, the dwarf hair-dresser, possessed a pair of very roguish eyes ornamenting an uncommonly knowing face; Major Bagstock's eyes seemed to be starting out of his head and to go roving about; Quilp's were restless, sly, and cunning, and matched a complexion that never looked clean or wholesome; Squeers's solitary green-grey organ of sight gave the blank side of his face a sinister appearance: Madame Defarge never seemed to be looking at anything, but, nevertheless, her dark, watchful eyes saw everything; while Mrs. General's, set in a floury countenance, had no expression, having probably nothing to express.

Under his quaint wig, the suppressed and quiet face of Mr. Jarvis Lorry was lit up by a pair of moist, bright eyes; Tom Pinch, with prematurely bald top and forward thrust to his head, was afflicted with short-sighted vision that gave him the appearance of one of those strange creatures that look their oldest when very young, and get over it quickly; the glassy lustre in the big, round eyes of Barnaby gave the poor idiot an unearthly appearance that was startling; Captain Jack Bunsby had one stationary orb in his mahogany face, and one that went round and round, on the principle of a revolving lighthouse. Dr. Blimber's were always half-closed, as if waiting to convict a pupil from his own lips. If space permitted, one could go on for another page or two illustrating the amazing variety of finishing touches with only the aid of the organ of vision.

Dickens, of course, resorts to other marked characteristics to complete his portrayals, so that they stand out in our memory as though etched with a sharply-pointed style. There is the improvident Mr. Wilkins Micawber, with no more hair on his shining head than there is on an egg; the military Matthew Bagnet's shaggy eyebrows, and whiskers like the fibres of a cocoanut: the dimpled, double-chinned Cheeryble Brothers, with a comical expression of mingled simplicity, kind-heartedness, and good humour lighting up their jolly faces: and the

loyal John Wemmick, with square wooden face, whose expression appears to have been imperfectly chipped out with a dull-edged chisel; in and around Sydney Carton's face were strained and seared markings of a heavy drinker; Mrs. Clennam's carried a dark frown as if a sculptor of old Egypt had indented them in hard granite.

Continuing further, we mustn't overlook the angular Mr. Hiram Grewgious, lovable in spite of his scanty crop of hair, resembling in colour and consistency a mangy, yellow fur tippet, and those curves and notches deeply cut in his face and forehead, as if Nature had been about to touch them into sensibility and refinement, and then thrown away the chisel; the blustering Josiah Bounderby, whose tightly strained skin seemed to hold his eyes open; the kind-hearted Peggotty, with cheeks so hard and red that little David often wondered the birds didn't peck at them in preference to apples; Bazzard, whose doughy complexion seemed to ask to be sent to the baker's; Silas Wegg, with a face carved out of very hard material and with as much expression as a watchman's rattle; Pip's hard-breathing Uncle Pumblechook, possessing a mouth like a fish, and dull, staring eyes and sandy hair standing upright that made him look as if he had been choked and had just come to; Mr. Turveydrop, with false complexion, false teeth, false whiskers, and false hair in the shape of a wig; Krook, proprietor of the rag-and-bottle shop, cadaverous and withered, head sunk sideways between his shoulders, and breath issuing from his mouth, as if he were on fire within (as indeed he was later discovered to be), and so on.

Choosing here and there one might fill a whole book with these truly marvellous finishing touches that paint such unforgettable pictures on the minds of Dickens's readers.

A TRIBUTE AND A PRESENTATION IN EDINBURGH

On 16th December the Edinburgh Branch held their Annual Dinner, always a literary and social event in Edinburgh.

In the absence, through illness, of the President (Mr. W. A. Adams Cairns), Sir Joseph Dobbie, one of the Honorary Vice-Presidents, presided over a company of some 150 Dickensians and their freinds.

The guest of the evening was Mr. William Power, the eminent Scottish author and Past-President of the Scottish P.E.N. Club. In proposing the toast of "The Immortal Memory," Mr. Power paid an eloquent tribute to the great novelist.

Among the guests were representatives from the Glasgow Dickens Society, and the Edinburgh Branch were happy in extending hospitality to members of a Society which, although not yet affiliated with the parent body, do much in the West of Scotland to perpetuate the memory of Charles Dickens.

In the course of the evening, Mrs. Pearson Callum, who recently retired from the position of Honorary Secretary after 14 years' devoted service, was presented with a silver fox fur, as a token of the Branch's appreciation.

The Hon. Lord St. Vigeans, LL.D., returned thanks on behalf of the guests. W. A. A. C.

UNCOLLECTED SPEECHES

THE GENERAL THEATRICAL FUND

I.

[The General Theatrical Fund was organised in 1845. Dickens was one of the original founders and he was also one of the three Trustees of the Institution, the two others being Serjeant Talfourd, M.P., and Benjamin Bond Cabbell, M.P.

Dickens was present at the Anniversary "Festivals" of the Fund held in 1846, 1847, 1849, 1850, 1851, 1852, 1853, 1855, 1856, 1857, 1858, 1863, and 1866. Of the speeches he made on these thirteen occasions, only four (those of 1846, 1851, 1858, and 1866) have been included in the Collected Speeches, as they are given in the National and Nonesuch Press editions of Dickens's works. A fifth speech, the one delivered in 1847, was reprinted from the original "Proceedings" booklet in *The Dickensian* for 1918 (page 246).

The accompanying text of Dickens's speech delivered in 1849, on the occasion of the Fourth Anniversary Festival, is reprinted from the following official booklet of the Society:

"Proceedings at the Fourth Anniversary Festival of the General Theatrical Fund, held at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate Street, on Monday, May 21st, 1849. Charles Kean, Esq., in the Chair. London: Printed by Brewster and West, 1849." 48 pages, 16mo, buff (printed) paper wrappers.

On this occasion, the list of Vice-Presidents included: the Duke of Devonshire, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Sir Bellingham Graham, Serjeant Talfourd, A. Arcedeckne, Robert Bell, Charles Dickens, William Farren, John Forster, W. C. Macready, Edward Stirling, Benjamin Webster.

The principal speeches were made by: Charles Kean (Chairman), General Sir John Burgoyne, Benjamin Webster, Cullenford (Secretary), and Charles Dickens. J. B. Buckstone, the Hon. Treasurer, was not present.—A.S.]

Gentlemen,

In the hope that you will not object to a Trustee with a cold, however naturally you might object to a cold Trustee—(*Laughter*), I beg on behalf of my absent colleagues to return you their thanks for the honour you have rendered them, and on my own part to acknowledge the honour you have rendered me. And I am well assured, Gentlemen, that I express their feelings no less than my own, when I congratulate the General Theatrical Fund on the brilliant assembly by which I am surrounded; and on its being presided over by a gentleman who has a triple claim on its consideration and respect—(*Cheers*). I do not mean to say, Gentlemen, with Mrs. Malaprop's own happy confusion of ideas, that the Chairman is "like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once"—(*Cheers and Laughter*); but I think I give utterance to the sentiment of all this company, when I hail him as gracefully seated in his right place to-night, not only in consideration of his own talents and public position, but in memory of the genius of his immortal Father—(*Tremendous Cheering*), and in consideration of the many tender and

sweet remembrances all England must associate with his accomplished wife—(*Enthusiastic Applause, lasting for several minutes, the whole company rising, with waving of handkerchiefs and similar demonstrations*). Gentlemen. If, like some other Trustees, on an infinitely larger scale, some of those legislative Trustees who occasionally refresh themselves with old vagaries elsewhere, I might espy "strangers present"—(*Cheers and Laughter, Mr. Dickens referring to the Ladies' Gallery*); though Heaven forbid, that the sudden sharpness of my eyesight should be attended with the disastrous House of Commons consequences, and lead to the withdrawal of those fair ornaments of our Society; but I say, if, with the proverbial clearness of vision of an Irish member—(*Loud Laughter*), I might espy "strangers present," I would appeal to them confidently as the best judges, whether their sex has ever had a gentler, better, truer exponent than the lady of whom I speak—(*Immense Applause*). Perchance, Gentlemen, I would appeal to them to say whether her sitting among us at this time is not the crowning grace of our festivity—(*Renewed Cheering*). In common, Gentlemen, both with the Chairman and Secretary, I regret very much to miss at this board to-day the pleasant and familiar face of our Treasurer; I regret it selfishly for our sakes, for I can guess to how many faces his is imparting something of its own delightful cheerfulness and mirth at this moment—(*Cheers*). But as a less important officer of this Institution, it is a great pleasure to me to confirm all that you have heard stated of its continued prosperity, and to bear my admiring testimony to the patience and perseverance with which its members contribute, many of them from very scanty and uncertain resources, those periodical sums which are to be a provision for their old age; to exult, as I annually do, in the refutation thus afforded to the sweeping charge of improvidence, which is somewhat thoughtlessly made, and as I conceive ungenerously, against the members of the Theatrical Profession, and other not dissimilar pursuits. Gentlemen, I always consider when I hear that charge made, that it is not sufficiently recollected, that if you are born to the possession of a silver spoon, it may not be very difficult to apply yourself to the task of keeping it well polished on the side-board—(*Laughter*), the process of transmuting it into that article of plate is often a very difficult and discouraging process—(*Cheers and Laughter*). And most of all should we remember that it is so at a time of general trouble and distress.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a Crown,"

indeed, in days when crowns of so many sorts—of gold, brass, and iron—are tumbling from the heads of the wearers; but the head that wears a mimic crown, and the hand that grasps a mimic sceptre, fare at such a season, worst of all; for then the peaceful, graceful arts of life go down, and the slighter ornaments of social existence are the first things crushed—(*Cheers*). Therefore, Gentlemen, if the King of Sardinia cannot get into trouble without involving the King of Mr. Daggerwood's Company; and if the leader of the Austrian armies cannot make a movement, without affecting the leader of the business

at the Theatre Royal, Little Pedlington—(*Laughter*), so much the more have we reason to rejoice in its floating on this sea of trouble; like the veritable sea-serpent, according to Captain McQuhae—(*Laughter*) with which it tallies in all its essential features, for it is apparently bent on a vigorous and determined object—(*Laughter*), with its head considerably above water—(*Laughter*), and drawing easily behind it a long train of useful circumstances—(*Renewed Cheers and Laughter*). One other word, Gentlemen, on the hopes of the Drama, and consequently on the hopes of the extended operations of this establishment, and I have done. When the Chairman made his first most admirable speech, I confess I had some doubts whether I quite agreed with him, but I was quite sure if we did not agree, we should agree to differ; but when he made that admirable other speech in reference to the Fund, I was happy to find that we were cordially agreed. Gentlemen, I allude to the regeneration of the Drama. I think it next to impossible, but that it must come to pass, because the Drama is founded on an eternal principle in human nature. I say it respectfully, I do not think it within the power of any potentate on earth, however virtuous, however munificent, however strong in the love and honour of a people, to raise the Drama up, or to pull the Drama down—(*Loud Cheers*). In this room—in Windsor Castle*—in an African hut—in a North American wigwam, there is the same inborn delight and interest in a living representation of the actions, passions, joys, and sorrows of mankind—(*Cheers*). In England, of all countries on the earth, this interest is purified and exalted by the loftiest master-pieces of human fancy, and the proudest monuments of human wit—(*Renewed Cheers*). Such an art, Gentlemen, I hold to be imperishable: reverses it may suffer, from many causes, but

"Malice domestic, foreign levy,"

nothing, to my thinking, can root it out—(*Immense Applause*).

THE LONELY OLD FOLKS OF HULL

The Hull Branch gave their Annual Christmas Party to lonely old folks on the 29th December. One hundred and fifty guests were entertained to supper; all were over the age of 60 and considered "lonely" and in need of a night of good cheer and fellowship. The members themselves waited upon the guests, who were afterwards entertained by a Concert Party and a Children's Cabaret. A feature of the evening was the community singing under the leadership of Mrs. H. Lawton. Prizes in the form of socks and bed socks knitted by members were given to the oldest gentleman and two oldest ladies. Each gentleman received a packet of tobacco and each lady a packet of tea. The President, Mr. R. M. Brodie, and the Vice-President, Mr. Ernest Abel, received the guests.

* In 1848 Charles Kean had been selected to conduct and superintend the "Windsor Castle Theatricals" designed by Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, and the first series had taken place in the winter of 1848-9.

BURIALS OF BOYS IN THE DELIGHTFUL VILLAGE OF DOTHEBOYS

By T. P. COOPER

IN "With Dickens in Yorkshire" reference is made to the many pupils of tender years who died at Dotheboys Hall and other schools situated in Bowes village and parish. The following is a list—from the Burial Registers—of boys interred in unrecorded graves in Bowes Churchyard. Comment is needless; the pathetic details speak for themselves. The particulars may be of interest to Dickensians, and to the families of the unfortunate pupils, who may have heard—as I have done—traditional stories told by grandsires of lamentable losses sustained long years ago.

1810 Oct. 10	Robert Wray, a native of London, a scholar at Mr. John Adamthwaite's School in Bowes, aged 10 years.
1811 Sept. 22	Henry Hickes, a scholar at Mr. John Adamthwaite's school here, son of Francis Hickes of Old Ford in the Parish of St. Mary, Stratford Bow in the county of Middlesex, aged 10.
1812 Apl. 16	William Wilson, a scholar (at the school of Messrs. Shaw and Wilson), a native of London; aged 12.
1814 Mar. 28	Benjamin Hooper, son of Benjamin Hooper, of Essendon Bury, Hertfordshire, Farmer, a scholar at Mr. Adamthwaite's School, aged 9.
1814 June 8	Joseph Thornhill, a native of London, a scholar at Mr. Shaw's School, aged 11.
1814 Nov. 29	John Burgess, a native of London, a scholar at Mr. Shaw's School; aged 12.
1814 Dec. 29	William Jecks, son of Digby and Ruth Jecks of the Victualling Office, Somerset Place, London, a scholar at Mr. Adamthwaite's School; aged 12.
1815 May 8	Luke Hardiman, a scholar at Mr. George Clarkson's School; aged 15.
1815 May 8	John Clarkson, son of Mr. George Clarkson.
1816 June 7	George Johns, a scholar at Mr. Horn's School, Gilmonby Hall, aged 18.
1816 Nov. 3	William Bennell, son of Mr. Bennell, No. 111 Fleet Street, London, a scholar at Mr. Horn's School; aged 12.
1816 Nov. 10	William Cox, son of William Cox of Wood Street, Old Street Road, London, a scholar at Mr. Adamthwaite's School; aged 10.
1816 Dec. 15	Frederic Tyers, son of the late Robert Tyers, London, a scholar at Mr. Horn's School, Gilmonby, aged 9 years.
1817 Jan. 9	John Julian, son of George Julian, London, a scholar at Mr. Horn's School, Gilmonby, aged 7.

1817	Feb. 9	Henry Needham, son of Mr. Needham, Hackney, near London, a scholar at Mr. Horn's School ; aged 10.
1818	Mar. 16	John Cuthbert Dobson, son of Mary Dobson, widow, London, a scholar at Mr. Shaw's School ; aged 9 years.
1820	Oct. 18	John White, a scholar at Mr. Shaw's School ; aged 10.
1821	Mar. 23	John Branscomb, a scholar at Mr. Adamthwaite's School, son of the late William Branscomb, London ; aged 12.
1821	June 28	Henry Shepherd Bracken, a scholar at Mr. Shaw's School, son of Lancelot Bracken, of London ; aged 9.
1821	July 28	John Bell, a scholar at Mr. Horn's School, supposed a native of Newcastle ; aged 8.
1821	Oct. 19	William Ceal Crow, a scholar at Mr. Clarkson's School, son of R. F. Crow of Calcutta in the East Indies ; aged 7.
1821	Oct. 20	William Linnage, a scholar at Mr. Adamthwaite's School, from Godmanchester near Huntingdon ; aged 11.
1822	Mar. 2	William Britt, scholar at Mr. Horn's School ; aged 12.
1822	Mar. 29	John Henry Symes, from London, scholar at Mr. Shaw's School, aged 11.
1822	Apl. 17	Owen Back, a scholar at Mr. Adamthwaite's School, son of the Revd. Edward Back of Ostend : aged 8.
1822	July 14	Frederick George Geddes, scholar at Mr. Shaw's School ; aged 9.
1826	Feb. 7	George Brooks, of Chatteris in the County of Cambridgeshire ; aged 9.
1831	Mar. 20	Richard Taylor, a boy at Mr. Shaw's School ; aged 10.
1834	Mar. 30	Francis Lees, Ealing, Middlesex, Mr. Shaw's Scholar ; aged 12.

[The foregoing article was sent to *The Dickensian* by Mr. T. P. Cooper a short time before he died and we are pleased to have such a valuable record in our pages. From his invaluable book, "With Dickens in Yorkshire," we have taken copies of the advertisements, which form the basis of the following article.—EDITOR.]

THE YORKSHIRE SCHOOLS

THE infamous treatment of children in the notorious schools in Yorkshire had attracted Dickens's attention in his earliest years while at school in Chatham, and every reader of *Nicholas Nickleby* knows—if he has not skipped the preface—that Dickens paid a special journey to the Barnard Castle-Bowes district early in 1838 immediately before beginning the story.

He carried a letter of introduction to a lawyer in Barnard Castle, one Richard Barnes, said to be the prototype of John Browdie ; and made a rapid survey of the schools in the district. He stayed the

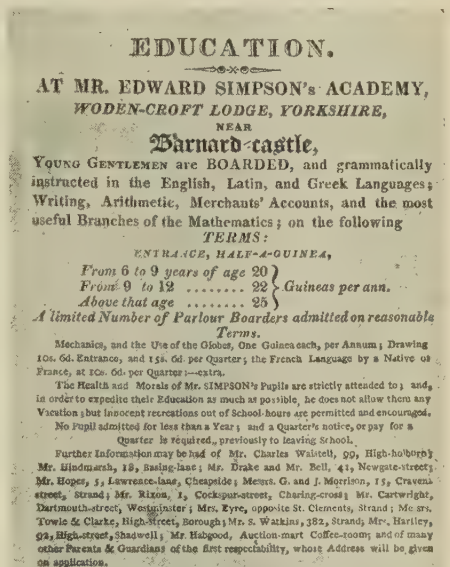
first night at the George and New Inn, Greta Bridge, and the next night at the King's Head, Barnard Castle. Although he spent only two days in the district, he must have seen a great deal in that time.

We do not know how many schools existed in this district; but as Mr. Cooper shows in this list of deaths that there were not less than four schools in Bowes Parish *alone*.

The majority of these schools depended upon London for their pupils, and all seem to have adopted a similar form of advertising in the newspapers of the period; apparently a copy of their business card, with the addition of a line or two regarding their stay in London for the purpose of interviewing parents.

Mr. Shaw's card was reproduced in facsimile in the last number; on this page we give a copy of the card of another school near Barnard Castle (not mentioned by Mr. Cooper).

Advertisements of four other Yorkshire schools, two in Bowes, one at Barnard Castle, and one at Startforth, near by, read as follows:



EDUCATION.

AT MR. EDWARD SIMPSON's ACADEMY,
WODEN-CROFT LODGE, YORKSHIRE,
NEAR
Barnard-castle,

YOUNG GENTLEMEN are BOARDED, and grammatically instructed in the English, Latin, and Greek Languages; Writing, Arithmetic, Merchants' Accounts, and the most useful Branches of the Mathematics; on the following
TERMS:
ENTRANCE, HALF-A-GUINEA,
From 6 to 9 years of age 20
From 9 to 12 ..... 22 } *Guineas per ann.*
Above that age 25
A limited Number of Parlour Boarders admitted on reasonable Terms.

Mechanics, and the Use of the Globes, One Guinea each, per Annum; Drawing 10s. 6d. Entrance, and 15s. 6d. per Quarter; the French Language by a Native of France, at 10s. 6d. per Quarter;—extra.

The Health and Morals of Mr. SIMPSON's Pupils are strictly attended to; and, in order to expedite their Education as much as possible, he does not allow them any Vacation; but innocent recreations out of School-hours are permitted and encouraged.

No Pupil admitted for less than a Year; and a Quarter's notice, or pay for a Quarter is required, previously to leaving School.

Further Information may be had of Mr. Charles Walstell, 99, High-holborn; Mr. Hindmarsh, 18, Basing-lane; Mr. Drake and Mr. Bell, 41, Newgate-street; Mr. Hopes, 5, Lawrence-lane, Cheapside; Messrs. G. and J. Morrison, 15, Craven-street, Strand; Mr. Rixon, 1, Cockspur-street, Charing-cross; Mr. Cartwright, Dartmouth-street, Westminster; Mrs. Eyre, opposite St. Clements, Strand; Messrs. Towle & Clarke, High-street, Borough; Mr. S. Watkins, 382, Strand; Mr. Hartley, 92, High-street, Shadwell; Mr. Habgood, Auction-mart Coffee-room; and of many other Parents & Guardians of the first respectability, whose Address will be given on application.

Mr. Stewardson, Agent to the School, No. 198,
HIGH-STREET, BOROUGH

J. Atkinson, Printer, Barnard-castle.

EDUCATION AT BARNARD CASTLE in the COUNTY of DURHAM.

At the Rev. Mr. Wharton's ACADEMY, which is placed in a very healthy situation.

YOUNG GENTLEMEN will be carefully INSTRUCTED as before the vacation, in the ENGLISH, LATIN, and GREEK LANGUAGES, in the various distinctions of WRITING, ARITHMETIC, MENSURATION, GAUGING, LAND SURVEYING, NAVIGATION, BOOK-KEEPING, &c. DRAWING, including EDUCATION and BOARD, WITH every kind of wearing apparel, and all other necessaries (Medicines and allowances excepted).

THE TERMS are, if under 9 years, 16 guineas *per annum*. SATISFACTORY particulars will be given on application to MR. KIDD, No. 62, NEW BOND STREET; MR. BOWNESS, No. 7, GREEN LETTICE LANE, CANNON STREET; MR. BORRA, No. 17, WATLING STREET; MESSRS. FREARSON and SAWREY, No. 2, LAD LANE, CHEAPSIDE; or at MR. CUNNINGHAM, No. 63, POLAND STREET, SOHO, AGENT to the SCHOOL. MR.

WHARTON is in town and may be treated with for a short time from 10 to 12 in the morning every day (*Sunday excepted*) at the GEORGE and BLUE BOAR, HOLBORN, or at the GEORGE, ALDERMANBURY, from 3 to 4 in the evening.

MR. WHARTON has a vacancy for 2 PARLOUR BOARDERS.

BOARD AND EDUCATION, &c.

At Mr. GALLAND'S ACADEMY, STARTFORTH, near BARNARD CASTLE, YORKSHIRE.

YOUNG GENTLEMEN are carefully and expeditiously taught the ENGLISH, LATIN, GREEK, FRENCH, &c. LANGUAGES, WRITING, ARITHMETIC, the MATHEMATICS as far as are applicable to MERCHANTS' ACCOUNTS and LAND SURVEYING. DRAWING, NAVIGATION, GEOMETRY, GEOGRAPHY, use of the GLOBES, &c., &c., by MR. GALLAND and proper ASSISTANTS, upon moderate terms. Further particulars may be had by applying to MR. GALLAND at the BARTON COFFEE HOUSE, CHEAPSIDE, where he will attend DAILY from 11 till 2 o'clock, during his stay in town and refer applicants to people of respectability whose sons have left the SEMINARY this Christmas.

N.B.—No vacations are kept except a week at this Season of the Year. LETTERS POST PAID will be duly attended to.

EDUCATION.

At BOWES HALL ACADEMY, near GRETA BRIDGE, YORKSHIRE.

YOUNG GENTLEMEN are plentifully Boarded and carefully instructed by MR. CLARKSON and able assistants in the ENGLISH, LATIN and GREEK LANGUAGES; Writing and Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Mensuration, and the most useful branches of Mathematics; the French language taught by a native of France.

For cards and references apply to MR. SMITH, the agent, 26, LOMBARD STREET. Mr. C. will be in town in a few days, and may be treated with after his arrival at the CAROLINA COFFEE-HOUSE, BIRCHING LANE, CORNHILL.

At Messrs. CHAPMAN and ADAMTHWAITE'S (Late Thornbarrow and Chapman) ACADEMY, BOWES, Near RICHMOND, YORKSHIRE.

YOUTH are careful instructed in ENGLISH, LATIN, AND GREEK LANGUAGES, writing in various hands, ARITHMETIC, useful branches of the MATHEMATICS; ITALIAN method of book-keeping, GEOGRAPHY, etc. Strict attention is paid to their health and meals, and the greatest care is taken to protect their advancement in every branch in useful learning.

Terms including board, clothes, books and other necessaries are 17 GUINEAS a YEAR if under 9 years of age and above that age 18 GUINEAS.

Apply MR. BAINBRIDGE, No. 41 HOLBORN HILL; MR. DENT, BETHNAL GREEN; MR. HICKS, 12 WHITE-CHAPEL;

MR. BLACK, 33, BISHOPSGATE WITHOUT; or to MR. HOLLAND'S COFFEE HOUSE, LOWER THAMES STREET.

MR. ADAMTHWAITE is now in TOWN and attends daily from 11 to 2 at the RAINBOW COFFEE HOUSE, CORN HILL.

The FRENCH LANGUAGE taught at a guinea extra.

[Two articles on the Yorkshire Schools appeared in the 1911 volume of *The Dickensian*, pages 9 and 154; see also pages 49 and 161 for interesting correspondence. In 1917 will be found (pages 261-4) an account of another Dotheboys Hall, written in 1834. The school was kept by one Smith and was at Cotherstone about six miles from Barnard Castle.

"The Shaw Academy Trials" were fully dealt with in the 1915 volume, pages 260-3.—EDITOR.]

MORE LETTERS FROM BOWES ACADEMY

SUPPLEMENTING Mr. Rust's account in the Winter Number of some of the scholars at Mr. Shaw's Academy, it should be added that the boy Dobson, whose letters were reproduced, was only nine years of age when he died (see Mr. Cooper's investigations on page 108). At the Dickens House is also preserved an account dated 1818 from R. Braithwaite to Mr. William Shaw for the sum of £3 6*s*. 11*d*. for "Stone, Workmanship, inscribing lettering." Although the register shows this boy was buried on March 16th, 1818, the receipt for the gravestone is dated 16th September, 1819.

The account bears the following lines, which were probably those inscribed on the stone, but the actual gravestone does not appear to have been identified.

> The youth who lies beneath this tomb
> Was like a flower to sight,
> When Death quick Blighted all his bloom
> And closed his eyes in night;
> In vain affection heaves the sigh
> In vain is grief pourtray'd.
> Every youth was born to die
> Every flower to fade.

George Brooks was another pupil of Shaw's who died eight years later; he, too, was only nine years of age. Count de Suzannet has in his library two letters, one from the boy to his parents, the other, bearing on this sad occurrence, from Shaw to the father announcing the approaching death of his son. They read as follows:

Bowes, November 14th, 1825.

Dear Parents,

I write you these few lines to inform you on Saturday, 5th of November, we had a jovial and merry day and night in burning old Guy upon the hills, and I am happy to say without one of my schoolfellows happening any misfortune whatever, and I am glad to say I have enjoyed the best of health since I last wrote to you, which I hope is the same with you and all my dear Brothers and

Sisters, Uncles, Aunts and Cousins and all my other dear Relations. I may truly say neither Masters Clarke or Bonfields have ailed any thing whatever, neither have I seen a doctor since I came here.

I feel very happy and comfortable and have been so ever since I came. Tell Masters Sumner and Bonfields we had roast Geese and giblet pies as usual last week. I like the country very well, and last week we had some sliding without any accident. I hope by this time all my friends and relations are perfectly well again, to whom I beg you will make our kindest respects ; we will all write separately the next month by our Master, who the latter end of it intends going to London and remaining about three weeks, and will inform you when he returns, that any parcel may be brought us. I have 10*s*. left of my money, but my Master thinks I had better wear my shoes sliding than skates, for fear of a misfortune by them.

I now beg to remain in love and duty to yourselves not forgetting Mr. and Mrs. Shaws compliments who are very kind to me.

Your affectionate Son

George Brooks.

Address (in the handwriting of William Shaw) :
Mr. Brooks, Chatteris, Isle of Ely, Cambridgeshire.

Bowes, Feby 2nd, 1826.

Dear Sir,

It is with feelings indescribable, I again inform you respecting your dear boy, who I am sorry to say continues gradually hastening away from us, and I am afraid my next letter will have to state his final departure, as this morning he has begun with convulsion fits, and has not left us any hope ; the feelings of a Parent I can bear with, having experienced a loss myself, but I hope and trust on receipt of this or yesterday's letter you will immediately come to our house, and arrange as you think proper, which will be much more satisfactory and very much relieve us. This I would not have considered anything an impediment, provided it would have been useful to him, as I must say, he always attracted my particular attention being so very peaceable and clean in his person.

In hopes of seeing you on Sunday, and that Mrs. Brooks and yourself may long be spared to each other.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your hble Servt

Wm Shaw.

Mr. Brooks.
Chatteris.
Isle of Ely.
Cambridgeshire.

A pencilled note in the margin of the letter states that " the boy George Brooks died 10-55 p.m. the same night."

DICKENS AND THE SLOGANS OF "DEMOCRACY"

By PROFESSOR CHARLES SAROLEA, Ph.D., LL.D.

MOST of the classical British novelists of the nineteenth century have been content to describe some particular types of a particular social class at a particular time. Disraeli mainly describes the landed aristocracy, Jane Austen, the country squire, and Anthony Trollope, the country clergyman. Thackeray is the satirist of the upper middle class and of Vanity Fair.

Alone amongst his contemporaries, Dickens is not class conscious. He describes all classes except the supermen of the aristocracy and of the highbrow Intelligentsia, whom he does not understand or with whom he feels little sympathy. He is essentially the novelist of the common man, and of the English masses.

He is the novelist whose works are not "dated" and do not show the wrinkles of age, and it should be highly interesting to ask ourselves what he would have thought and felt in relation to the recent political crisis which threatened to engulf our civilisation.

What would the ardent radical and a pioneer of social reform, the author of *Hard Times*, have thought of the infinitely "harder times" of to-day? What would the writer of *A Tale of Two Cities* have to say about the Russian Revolution? What would the author of *American Notes* and of *Martin Chuzzlewit* think of the Democracy of the twentieth century?

Last, but not least, what would he think of that "ideological" conflict between Democracy and Dictatorship which is aligning the whole world into two camps? On which side of the barricade would he have been prepared to fight?

These are not speculative questions. For the problems which confront us to-day are very much the same problems as those which confronted the Victorian age, and Dickens, again and again, has defined his attitude to everyone of them.

First of all, we may quite safely say that Dickens would have little sympathy or comprehension for the politics of our post-war generation. The Radical of the Victorian age would have been the Conservative of to-day. He would denounce with equal gusto the pledges and promises of the political cheap-jacks, of the Dr. Marigolds of the market place, of the labels and slogans of the Popular Front and of our Drawing Room or University Bolsheviks.

Dickens was an incomparable master of the spoken and of the written word, but he never mistook mere abstract words for realities. He would have had good reason to be disgusted with the counterfeit coinage of our political jargon and with the base currency which are constantly interchanged in political controversies.

Even a cursory and superficial acquaintance with controversial literature must convince us that there is hardly one word in our political vocabulary to which it is possible to attach a clear and definite

meaning. We seem to be perpetually moving in a fog and floundering in a bog.

When we speak of "capitalism" are there any two speakers who will agree on a definition of that fundamental term?

When we speak of "socialism" what common ground is there between the "Christian socialism" say of a Tolstoy who ignores both Church and State, and the "bureaucratic state socialism" of a Sydney Webb, which achieves social reform by legislation, or the Marxist "socialism" which tries to achieve reform through violence, direct action and the horrors of a ruthless class-war?

When we talk of "collective security" do we realise that it could only become a reality if all the great military Powers were united in joint action?

When we talk about the "sanctity of treaties," if we mean thereby all treaties in general, are we not using a hollow phrase?

Dickens may not have been a trained political thinker, but he was a trained observer and what is more important in politics, he was essentially an honest man. He would, surely, have been repelled by the insincerity and hypocrisy of our professional politicians, by the contradictions between their theory and their practice, as he was with the politicians of his own day.

How could he have believed in their professed devotion to the Covenant of Geneva when the League Councils and Assemblies have again and again broken every single Article of that Covenant? How could he have believed in the League of Nations itself which, until this day, has remained a League of the victorious nations of 1918, who, alas! are no longer the victorious nations of 1938? How could he have helped laughing at the mockery of our endless talks on disarmament when neither France nor Russia were prepared to disarm? How could he help laughing at our glorification of "democratic" Soviet Russia which has reduced 170 million workers and peasants to an abject state of slavery? How could he help laughing at our denunciation of German imperialism and of pan-Germanism; Germany seems to have an attack of the Empire-hunger that inspired Britain a century ago.

In speculating on Dickens's attitude to politics we must not forget the very important fact that, like Ruskin, he was a loyal pupil of Carlyle and that he implicitly accepted Carlyle's political philosophy. To establish the extent and depth of that influence, it may suffice to recall the following two sentences from Forster's biography:

> "I would go at all times further to see Carlyle than any man alive."
>
> "I have been reading that wonderful book 'The French Revolution' again for the five hundredth time."

Even a superficial study of Carlyle will reveal a complete and most striking resemblance between the political gospel of Carlyle and the gospel of Nazism.

We may safely say that as a follower of Carlyle, Dickens, much as he liked France, would have denounced the Popular Front which has

brought France to the verge of bankruptcy and anarchy, and which plunged unhappy Spain into the horrors of Civil War. Little as he knew or understood Germany, Dickens would as certainly have condemned the vindictive bullying of Germany by the Peace makers or rather the " war-mongers " of Versailles and he would have admitted that post-war Germany had an unanswerable case against the Western Powers, however badly she very often may have handled her case.

The concept of Democracy is susceptible of the most varied and most contradictory interpretations.

There is the vague radical brand of democracy which aimed at a brotherhood of nations.

There is the Anglo-Saxon individualistic brand of democracy which aims primarily at Liberty.

And there is the modern socialist brand of democracy which aims primarily at equality. It would be interesting to know what Dickens would have said in his weekly journal on this subject. Would he produce a sequel to the " One Thousand and One Humbugs " ?

He would probably look upon the Munich Agreement in the spirit of the humorist and the ironist ; as a farcical comedy, as the ignoble and sordid game of demagogues trying to exploit the collapse of Czechoslovakia for their own partisan ends.

How he would have castigated the strange reactions of our Popular Front politicians. As the result of the heroic initiative of the British Prime Minister, a great miracle happened : a catastrophe which seemed unavoidable and which was to drench the whole continent in blood, was averted at the eleventh hour.

In consequence of the Munich Agreement the peace of the world was saved. The blessed event was greeted with an outburst of joy and relief by the common man in every country and in every continent. On their return, the British and French Prime Ministers were both welcomed as Conquering Heroes. The Chamber of Deputies granted M. Daladier dictatorial powers and gave him a unanimous vote of confidence, and the British Parliament received Mr. Chamberlain with almost hysterical acclamations. The leaders of the two opposition parties had come to the House with violent speeches in their pockets, but they remained silent. They even went the length of associating themselves with the official speakers of the Government in expressing their gratitude to Mr. Chamberlain as the Missionary of Peace.

Three days after, when the enthusiasm of the people had had time to cool down, the opposition leaders realised that the triumph of Mr. Chamberlain meant a crushing defeat for themselves. They realised that they would have to justify themselves to their parties. Once again they rallied to the attack. Those virulent harangues which they had not dared to deliver at the previous sitting were now produced. And the campaign against the peace agreement of Munich was launched.

As one might have expected, all the spokesmen of the opposition declared themselves ardent lovers of peace. They must have known that no European peace is even conceivable which does not include a

lasting understanding with Germany. And if they did not realise so obvious a fact, how can we trust the judgment of such political simpletons? As his own personal contribution to a better understanding with Germany, the Leader of the Labour Opposition saw fit to insult the Head of the German Government, with whom the British Prime Minister had just concluded an historical agreement which he sincerely believed might be the prelude of a lasting European peace. How Dickens would have revelled in this aspect of politicians caring nothing for European peace so long as they could reap some party advantage.

The assumption by the Labour Leader of the mantle of the prophet has also a comic and farcical touch, which would have appealed to Dickens's sense of humour. He would have revelled in the situation that the Opposition Leaders in the past persistently opposed any scheme of rearmament, and, therefore, that an unavoidable war shall have a disastrous termination.

Would he not point out that the whole conduct of our Labour demagogues reveal their irresponsible frivolity, their shallowness, their cowardice, their partisan stupidity? and would he not denounce the present muddle-headed, dishonest, and mischievous conspiracy against the government of Mr. Chamberlain, which is really a conspiracy against the Peace of the World.

Is it any wonder that Dickens, when he was invited to stand as a parliamentary candidate for Finsbury, replied that "I can be far more usefully and independently employed in my chosen sphere of action than I could hope to be in the House of Commons; and I believe that no consideration would induce me to become a member of that extraordinary assembly."

Editorial Footnote.—The above article is the substance of an address to the Edinburgh Branch in October last. It provoked much discussion at the time.

Mr. A. E. Brookes Cross, who most kindly assists me by reading the proofs of each number, takes exception to the tone of much of the address, and writes as follows:

"While agreeing that we should all be allowed freedom of expression, it seems questionable whether this privilege should extend to personal attacks, such as that on the Leader of the Opposition in the constitutionally elected House of Representatives, in a lecture purporting to expound the hypothetical views of Charles Dickens on a situation which has arisen nearly three generations after his death. There is a considerable body of opinion in this country which disagrees with British foreign policy in its ultimate effects and it is a grave assumption that the 'Friend of the People' and 'Enemy of Oppression' would have supported it in every particular.

"Despite 'implied acceptance of Carlyle's political philosophy' Dickens had to invent the Evremondes to explain Defarge.

"Finally the reference to Drawing-room or University Bolsheviks seems alien to the subject."

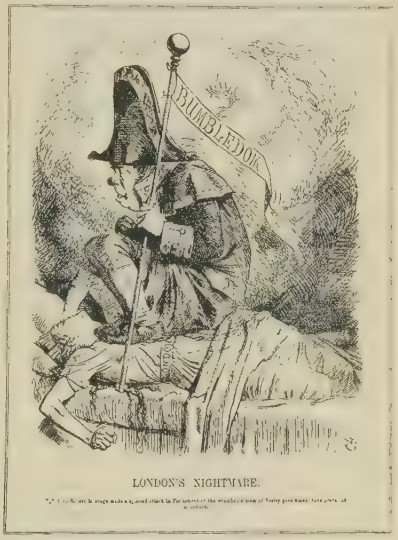
DICKENSIAN PEEPS INTO "PUNCH"

CONDUCTED BY THE EDITOR

XII.

IT was not until 1848 that "Punch" made use of the parish beadle Mr. Bumble as an expressive synonym denoting all that was bad in local administration. Had *Oliver Twist* first appeared whilst "Punch" was in course of publication, earlier advantage might have been taken of such a well-drawn and clear-cut character, but the early issues of 1845-1847 were principally taken up, as we have already seen, with the two immortal characters from *Martin Chuzzlewit* (then in course of publication), Mrs. Gamp and Mrs. Prig—to say nothing of the non-existent Mrs. Harris.

However, in May and June 1848, appeared "The Bumble Letters" from the Poor Law Guardian and Lord High everything else, Jeremiah Bumble, of the Borough of Great Muddlewick. "Jeremiah" was a very happy inspiration of Mr. Punch, for Dickens had bestowed on his character no other name than Bumble.



The First Bumble Cartoon in "Punch"
10th March, 1866

Another Tenniel-Bumble Cartoon
19th January, 1867

Eighteen years later the first full-page Bumble cartoon appeared. At that time (1866) a spirited attack had been made in Parliament on the wretched system of Vestry government then prevalent in London, and "Bumbledom" first appeared in "Punch" in the cartoon by Tenniel reproduced above.

"Punch" was probably the coiner

of the word, "Bumbledom." The next year the slothfulness of the Vestries governing London was exemplified by another large Tenniel cartoon, showing the clown with his proverbial hot-poker urging Mr. Bumble to "get a move on" in clearing the snow from the streets.

THE COURT OF KING BUMBLE.

By Tenniel, 12th November, 1881

In 1872 and 1879 Acts of Parliament were passed giving the local Vestries more power for effecting improvements in housing, sanitation and the general welfare of the people in the poorer districts of London. Yet, according to "Punch," "the local authorities were still sleepily supine and neglected to enforce proper sanitary rules and precautions in slums, rookeries and fever dens of London." Another Tenniel cartoon, "The Court of King Bumble" (12th November, 1881), emphasised this. "Bumbledon Again" and "Bumbledon Again; once more" were the titles of pungent articles in 1883. At the end of that year, the Local Government Board sent out a circular to the Vestries and district boards, urging a more vigorous exercise of the powers vested in them to effect the long-overdue improvements. Whereupon on 12th January, 1884, appeared yet another of Tenniel's cartoons with Bumble as the central figure.

This cartoon was accompanied by some verses entitled "The Bitter Cry of Bumbledom" and commencing :

> Pouf ! Nice pooty sort of a nuisance ! Wot *next*, I should like to be told.
> O, I know all this "Bitter Cry" bosh wich a gullible public has sold,

THE "BUMBLE" BEE.

By Tenniel, 12th January, 1884

Would make worry and work for the Westries before werry long. There's *no* rest !
Some fools chivvies up a old hen most afore she is snug on her nest.
And then look for chickings ! Hugh Owen, I'm owin' you one, my fine feller !
Expect snug dry cribs in a garret, and Rimmel's perfooms in a cellar.
Now don't you ? Wot rubbidge it is, all this muck about labourers' dwellings !
Wheresomever the poor is there's bound to be breakages, dirt, and bad smellings.
Poor thrives on 'em. Ask them as knows—not your Parsons, and scribblers, and Presidents,
As goes sniffin' round in the slums, to the jolly disgust of the residents ;
But proper Porochial parties, as knows that the labouring classes
Are half of 'em regular prigs, and the rest noisy Radical asses.

Three months later this was followed up by another cartoon by Tenniel, "Another 'Bitter Cry'," on 19th April, 1884. A London Government Bill was before Parliament and Tenniel in his cartoon represented a bloated alderman and Mr. Bumble crying over the fact that the existing system was soon to end. "Oh, Bumble ! Just to think of it ! no more haldermen ! !" says the Alderman, to which Bumble replies, "Ar, Sir ! It's wuss than that ! No Westries ! No Beadles ! No nothink ! !"

The spirited verses referring to the cartoon commenced

Abolish the Westries ! Blue Moses ! It makes a chap's whiskers untwist
To think of sich hoffle hopression, with never no powir to resist.
The 'ole 'warsal world goes a-wobbling, earth's solid foundations seems shook
Wen Aldermen ain't no more wanted, and Bumble may jest sling his 'ook.

"Bumble to the Beefeater" were some verses in the issue of 29th August, 1885, with a small drawing by Harry Furniss.

A Christmas-Bumble cartoon, also by Tenniel, appeared in the issue of 25th December, 1886. It was entitled "The 'Spirit' of Christmas." In it Bumble tells the spirit, "I do assure you Miss, the distress hain't noways exceptional," to which the spirit replies, "No! Then we must make it so."

Cartoon by Tenniel, 19th April, 1884

An article, "Bumble at Bay," appeared on 15th January, 1887. It consisted of three letters, the last of which is signed "Uriah Heep. General Manager of the Local Authority for Spattersea," and some more Bumble verses—"a Ballad by Mr. Bumble"—on 8th December, 1887, entitled "The Workhouse Guy." It appears that a case had been reported where a pauper inmate of one of the workhouses had, for fun, burnt on Guy Fawkes Day an effigy of the workhouse master. The magistrate dismissed the case, saying it was no doubt a piece of bad taste which had prompted it, and added that a public character is always open to ridicule and should take it in the proper spirit. Here then was an excellent opportunity for "Punch" to represent Mr. Bumble on his dignity, and some capital verses were written, of which we quote the conclusion :

By Tenniel, 25th December, 1886

> If I was Gov'nor Gen'ral of all Unions, I'd command,
> This notice on the door of ev'ry Workus in the land,
> By way of information to all paupers as come near—
> "Give over all ideers of fun, all you as henters ere."

The next Bumble reference is on 14th January, 1888. "The Home and The House," with a drawing by E. J. Wheeler.

"Bumble on Beer" appeared in the December following; and then after the formation of the London County Council we find on 16th February, 1889, another cartoon by Tenniel entitled "The London County Council or 'The same old Game'." Bumble and an ex-member of the old Metropolitan Board of Works are listening at the door of a meeting of the Council and stand aghast at the admission of women to the Council.

"Bumble at Home, or The Winter of *our discontent*" was the subject of the cartoon on 10th January, 1891. London had had an unusual fall of snow at this time, which had not been cleared away. "Punch's" protest was a cartoon by Tenniel showing Bumble looking out from his office at the piles of uncleared snow in the streets, and the consequent danger to the traffic, and saying, "Clear the streets! and in such beastly weather? Ugh! Not if I know it."

The usual set of verses accompanied the cartoon, the commencement being :

Gr-r-r-r-r- ! ! ! Old-fashioned weather indeed ! Well, I 'ope them as talks on it relishes it !

The City seems give up to snow; which I can't say it greatly embellishes it.

But really, of all the dashed imperence—s'posing of course as they *meant* it—

The greatest is that of the Papers, appealing to ME to prevent it !

PROPOSED HERALDIC DEVICE FOR THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL. (*See opposite page.*)

By Linley Sambourne, 23rd May, 1891

Ah ! it's a hinsolent Hage, and without no respect for Authority,

The cry of the demmycrat 'owlers is all for low In-fe-ri-or-ity.

Things is about bottom uppards, as far as I judges already,

And if the porochial dignity's floored, what *is* left to stand steady ?

On 23rd May the same year, Linley Sambourne drew a suggested coat of arms for the London County Council, accompanying which was the following description:

Arms.—Quarterly: 1. A female figure habited in white robes reaching to the ankles, with Arms elevated, all quite proper, for *Grace*. 2. A wild-man or ratepayer rampant, for *Thrift*. 3. A bend (or bar) sinister on a chart vert, for *Bloomsbury*. 4. Three demi-councillors, wings elevated, regardant an empty seat, for *Vacancy*.

Crest.—On a beadle's hat erased, a new broom.

Supporters.—Dexter, a Paul Pry regardant, grasping an eyeglass sinister. Sinister, a Stiggins. Both gorged.

Motto.—"*Ubi nunc sumus?*"

By Linley Sambourne
10th October, 1891

"Bumbledom's Big Opening" followed on 10th October, 1891; also a full page drawing by Sambourne. It represents Bumble imperiously discarding a

" humble petition " regarding the drainage in St. Pancras, with the words, " Don't bother me about your drainage and sich. Why, now the swells is 'ooking it, I'm going to be Chairman of the County Council."

The next Bumble cartoon of Linley Sambourne was on 9th January, 1892. It was entitled " The Home and the Open Space." At this time much distress was caused by the eviction of tenants, due to much-needed slum clearance. In this cartoon he is addressing such a family with these words, " *Wot*, grumble at being ewicted, and for the public's good. Now I calls that ingratitood. Wy, we're a-going to make this into a People's Pleasure Ground, we are ! ! ! ! "

By Bernard Partridge, 4th July, 1906

Characters from the immortal works of Lewis Carroll have also figured in the cartoons of " Punch " ; in 1899 there was a combination of Dickens and Carroll in Tenniel's cartoon of " Alice in Bumbleland "—the latter having reference to a further Bill before Parliament for the government of London. But beyond the adoption of the name there was no further reference to Dickens.

In 1902 Marylebone declined to accept from Mr. Carnegie a gift of £30,000 for a free library, and this piece was rightly lampooned in the cartoon of 8th October, Mr. Bumble saying imperiously " Go away, my good feller. We don't want no books."

" Bumbledom Asks for More " was Bernard Partridge's contribution to the series. His cartoon, reproduced above, appeared on 4th July, 1906. It referred to the extravagancies of the Poplar Board of Guardians.

" We are all Bumbles now " was the title of a small cartoon by A. W. Lloyd on 29th March, 1922, depicting Lord Ullswater as Bumble.

On 8th December, 1928, Raven Hill's cartoon showed the " Shade of Bumble " addressing a Poor Law Guardian, being removed by Mr. Neville Chamberlain, then Chancellor of the Exchequer. " So it's *your* turn to be abolished is it " ? asks the Shade. " No, no," replies the Chancellor, " only translated."

This is, we think, the last of the Bumbles in " Punch " : but Bumble is far from dead, even in local administration : we shall find him turning up again very shortly, no doubt, not as a " Shade " but in solid flesh.

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THAMES-SIDE TAVERNS

By G. W. YOUNGER, F.S.A.

INTEREST in the story of *Our Mutual Friend* is heightened, no doubt, in many cases, by its references to certain Thames-side features then existing as, for instance, the picturesque timber-built public-houses with balconies overhanging the river; the mysterious "Limehouse Hole," in regard to which so little information is afforded; and, further, the hostelry at Greenwich where Bella Wilfer, John Harmon, and the Cherub partook of the wedding dinner, though, in regard to the last, Marcus Stone's illustration provides definite matter upon which a conclusion may be formed as to the identity of the house in question.

Perhaps, therefore, Dickensians may be interested in some remarks on the above points by one whose memory carries him back to the period when *Our Mutual Friend* was written.

Dealing, first, with the Six Jolly Fellowship Porters, it may be remarked that, since the story was written, vast changes have taken place on the Thames river-front so that most of the old timber-galleried public-houses have disappeared. Accordingly, where one can be found to-day in the neighbourhood of Limehouse corresponding but slightly with Dickens's description of the "Porters," some people are apt to jump to the conclusion that it must necessarily be its prototype, forgetting that there may have been others with far stronger claims. In connection with this point it seems most probable that Dickens *founded* his description of the "Porters" upon some then-existing premises and, while making use of certain of its features, added others, according to his fancy, resulting in the production of the fictional premises. The object, no doubt, was to prevent the identification of any public-house then existing with the one of the story—not to mention its landlady! The utmost to be hoped for to-day, therefore, is to identify some premises existing about 1860, the principal features of which conformed with the description given in the book and treat such as having been the basis of Dickens's description of the "Porters" ignoring altogether the question of the actual site, somewhere not far from Limehouse. Now, coming to the question of what actual premises would satisfy these conditions, it seems that the "Two Brewers," at Duke Shore Stairs, Fore Street, has the strongest claim to the "distinction," for what it may be worth. Mr. G. F. Young, in his interesting article (*Dickensian*, Spring, 1935, pp. 119-124) deals with the many points in favour of the "Two Brewers," as against the claims of the "Grapes" and the "Prospect of Whitby" but, as remarked previously, it is very doubtful if it could have been more than the framework, as it were, upon which the "Porters" was constructed. The fictional site of the house was evidently but a very short distance from Limekiln Dock (then existing, but not referred to in the story) close to which there used to be an old mill, presumably that in which Hexam is supposed to have lived.

The account of Mortimer Lightwood's two visits to Limehouse is far from helpful in this connection. On the first occasion he approached Limehouse from London in a cab " by Ratcliffe and by *Rotherhithe*," but as the latter is on the opposite bank of the river, the Surrey side, it seems somewhat strange that it was mentioned. However, Lightwood arrives, eventually, at a " dark corner, river-washed " and within a few yards is " slipping over the stones of refuse of the shore " in the immediate vicinity of which the light from Hexam's old mill was to be seen. The account of the second visit is not much more enlightening, except that it says " a few abrupt turns " (from the corner beforementioned) " brought them to the riverside, where they had slipped about among the stones, etc.," which seems to indicate that they came *via* Narrow Street (then Fore Street), turned right at its junction with Three Colt Street, then again right down Limekiln Hill, past the limekilns, and so reached the shore., close to which an old mill used to stand. It is difficult now to indicate its exact position, as Limekiln Hill itself has vanished, though it seems that its lower end occupied land between what is now Dundee Wharf and its neighbour Messrs. Passmore, the owners of Limekiln Dock. Where the " Porters " itself is supposed to have stood, so as to fit in with the description of the proceedings connected with Hexam's death is a mystery. Perhaps some enterprising Dickensian may be able to solve it ; at any rate, the writer is unable to do so.

Coming now to the subject of Limehouse Hole it may be well to mention that the term has more than one interpretation, seeing that it applies not only to a specific *river* feature, but also to *land* ones. As regards the former, there are several so-called " holes " on the Thames, and elsewhere, which are depressions in the river bed, due principally to tidal scour, though some people are of the opinion that they are the result of the removal of shingle for ballast. However that may be, their situation is of interest to those navigating shallow craft, like barges, because when anchored over such at high-water they do not go aground at low tide. Limehouse Hole was situated just off what is now Dundee Wharf, but was dredged out of existence a few years ago when the Port of London Authority levelled the bed of the river at this point. The alteration in the title of the neighbouring steamboat pier from " Limehouse Hole " to " Limehouse " marks the change.

We now come to the land application where " Limehouse Hole Stairs " speaks for itself and it seems quite reasonable to assume that a certain area, sparsely populated, in the neighbourhood of the Stairs became known as Limehouse Hole, particularly if situated in a slight hollow, as it well may have been. In the course of time, however, as population increased and what had been more or less tracts became named thoroughfares, the name of Limehouse Hole became limited to the approach to the Stairs, *e.g.* from what is now Emmett Street, or thereabouts. In the course of years many changes have taken place in this part of Limehouse, with the result that to-day there is no thoroughfare called " Limehouse Hole," if we except a very short street

which, on the authority of Kelly's Directory, is still so-called, though its official title is believed to be Thames Street. No name, however, appears on the spot itself, or rather did not a few months ago.

We now come to the subject of Greenwich, and what particular tavern our author had in mind for the scene of the wedding dinner. The rather obvious choice of those who know only the Greenwich of to-day would be the "Ship," a large building adjoining the steamboat pier. To those familiar with Greenwich at the time the story was written, the fact is well known that the rival of the "Ship" was the "Trafalgar Tavern" (farther down the river and on the opposite side of the Greenwich Hospital grounds), which was equally famous for "Whitebait Dinners." Farther down the river still was another hostelry named the "Crown and Sceptre," which, according to local tradition, Dickens patronised at times. Investigation, however, shewed that it had no room resembling that shown in Marcus Stone's illustration. It may be mentioned here that so far as the writer knows, these premises have been demolished, but this does not apply to the "Trafalgar," which still exists in the form of residential flats. These premises, built in 1837, had a high reputation about the "sixties" and "seventies" when Parliamentary Whitebait Dinners were annually held at Greenwich, the situation of this house being very convenient for coaching parties, as the drags could be unhorsed in a quiet backwater, as it were, while the guests were dining. The "Ship," on the opposite side, was handicapped by its situation close to a busy steamboat pier. At any rate, the "Ship" and the "Trafalgar" were the two principal establishments and it is said that the former was patronised by Conservative M.Ps., while Liberals favoured the latter. Returning now to the wedding dinner: if we examine Marcus Stone's illustration we see a very unusual class of bay window overlooking the river, *e.g.* sash-windows of great height with large panes of glass. The accompanying illustration taken from a photo of a room on the first floor of the "Trafalgar" a few years ago, shows what is practically an identical window leading to a balcony from which visitors could watch the "Jacks in the water" dip their hands and arms in the mud at low water to retrieve coins thrown from the balcony. To sum up, unless the "Ship" can be shown to have had such a window the evidence seems all in favour of the "Trafalgar."

WHO SAID THIS?

(*Answer to Questions on page* 74.)

1, Fanny Squeers; 2, Newman Noggs; 3, Mr. Mantalini; 4, Mr. Squeers; 5, Mr. Gregsbury; 6, Mr. Curdle; 7, Mr. Lillyvick; 8, Ned Cheeryble; 9, Mr. Squeers; 10, Ralph Nickleby; 11, Nicholas; 12, John Browdie; 13, Charles Cheeryble; 14, Mr. Kenwigs; 15, Tim Linkinwater; 16, Miss Knag; 17, Sir Mulberry Hawk; 18, Mr. Snevellicci; 19, The gentleman-next-door; 20, Charles Cheeryble; 21, Mr. Pluck; 22, Ralph Nickleby; 23, John Browdie; 24, Nicholas.

DESCENDANTS OF THE DICKENS CIRCLE

Honour Dickens at the 127th Anniversary Dinner

NEARLY three hundred guests celebrated the hundred and twenty-seventh anniversary of Dickens's birth at a Dinner held in Princes Restaurant, Piccadilly, London, on the 7th of February.

In the unavoidable absence of the President on the North Wales Circuit, the Chair was taken by Dickens's grandson, Mr. Henry Charles Dickens, who was accompanied by Mrs. Dickens. Other members of the family present were Lady Dickens, Mrs. Waley and Mrs. Shuckburgh (grand-daughters of Dickens), Miss Monica Dickens and Miss Rosemary Shuckburgh (great-grand-daughters), and Mr. Richard Shuckburgh (great-grandson).

The special feature of the celebration was the presence of descendants of Dickens's own circle of friends: the Earl of Lytton (grandson of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton) and his daughter, Lady Erne; Mr. Douglas Jerrold (great-grandson of Douglas Jerrold and Laman Blanchard) and Mrs. Jerrold; Mr. Compton Mackenzie (grandson of Henry Compton); Mrs. L. G. Puckle (grand-daughter of W. C. Macready) and her daughter, Miss Puckle; Mr. Francis Meynell (grandson of T. J. Thompson) and Mrs. Meynell; Mr. J. Makepeace Thackeray Ritchie (great-grandson of W. M. Thackeray) and Mrs. Ritchie; Mr. K. R. G. Browne and Mr. Douglas Browne (grandsons of Hablot K. Browne (Phiz); Miss Ella Porter Smith (daughter of Henry Porter Smith), Miss Mabel Agnew Hodge, his grand-daughter, and Miss Alice Finney, his great-grand-daughter; Mr. Wynford Barrow (great-grandson of John Henry Barrow) and Mrs. Barrow.

In speaking to the toast of the Immortal Memory

MR. DOUGLAS JERROLD said:

"I must confess that I was lured here, or lured on to making this speech, under the falsest of false pretences, because when I first received your very delightful invitation, for which I thank you very much, I was asked in my capacity as a great-grandson of Douglas Jerrold, who was, as you all know, an intimate friend, and as you must know, a still more intimate enemy, of Charles Dickens. The explanation of that is fairly simple. My great-grandfather was a professional humorist, and by the grace of God a sentimentalist; Charles Dickens was a professional sentimentalist, and by the grace of God a genius. The result of this was that they did not always find themselves in agreement, always suspecting each other's motives. And that slight conflict went on all their lives."

Mr. Jerrold was disappointed to find that he was not speaking in his capacity as great-grandson, but, as the Secretary had told him, as a literary man. As a great-grandson he would have faced the ordeal without trepidation, because he could say with confidence that he was as good a great-grandson as anybody else in the assembly; probably a better one, because he had had longer practice having

been a great-grandson for very nearly 50 years and because of that he had brought his study of the part to something near perfection.

The very phrase " literary man " alarmed him a good deal. He was not at all sure that it was even a contradictory term. He did not propose to talk about what, in the modern jargon, is called " the real Dickens." " The real Dickens," so the modern literary critics tell us, is the Dickens in his private life—something quite remote from his works—but, nevertheless, the yardstick by which we should judge his great works. That was a very astonishing doctrine. These inquiries which the modern literary critic had been so active in making into the personal life of great literary men were nothing more or less than an impertinence. At the same time it was interesting to consider for a moment why this habit had grown up.

One of the leading critics of the modern school, Mr. Hugh Kingsmill, was a very old friend, who had published a brilliant book on Charles Dickens ; when asked why he had done it, he replied that the value of a man's literary works is quite independent of his character. Mr. Jerrold had rejoined : " All you are saying is that writing is a mere technique—something, not like painting a great landscape or great portrait, but something just like merely painting the side of a house." And Kingsmill made a remark which sounded rather odd to-day. He said : " Of course, I quite agree with you that the personal character of a house-painter is the sort of thing that would not seem to matter to anybody." Well, at the present time, we knew rather better !

Nevertheless, there was some force in that line of argument, but where the modern critic went wrong was not in saying that there must be elements of greatness in the character of a man who writes great works, but in identifying greatness with that particular kind of personal idiosyncracy which passes for genius.

Charles Dickens had the great good fortune never to be " a literary man." He was a typically great Victorian. His genius did not flourish in a garret, or even in a boarding house ; it flourished in the soil of a miraculous success. In that he was like all the Victorians. They lived in a great age and they were great men.

The only time when Dickens descended to the literary level was in his references to the United States of America. He never forgave the people of the United States for swindling him out of royalties by stealing his copyright. But the result of that was that Dickens lacked an impartial outlook on the United States. In every other respect Dickens was extraordinarily magnanimous.

There were those who said that the morality which runs through the Dickens novel cannot somehow be said to be genuine. Dickens was, after all, the greatest comic genius in the English language, but to find any discrepancy between the two things was surely a perfect and monstrous critical error, because after all it was only the great commonplaces—the innocence of childhood, the sanctity of marriage, the solemnity of death, and so on—which make the deception and disharmony between the individual man and his divine destiny a thing of humour. In a world of nothing serious, nothing is funny.

and in a world like our own where there are no manners there can be no comedy of manners. Dickens was more fortunate. It was quite true that if we went back from the scepticism of the modern novel to Charles Dickens we found ourselves in what young people to-day called an unsophisticated atmosphere. That only meant that the one thing the great Victorians were ashamed of were the great doubts: the one thing the modern generation is most ashamed of was the great certainties.

We should be wise to dismiss the charge of unsophistication and to go back as quickly and as soon as we could to the atmosphere in which Charles Dickens lived and wrote. Whether he was a great man or not he was most certainly a great Victorian. He founded a great family, he gave amusement to millions of people, and he served many honourable and many just causes; and of how many men could that be said?

Mr. COMPTON MACKENZIE said he found it singularly difficult to speak on the subject because he happened to be a member of that profession to which the great man, whom they were honouring belonged. When he thought of the millions of words that had been spoken and written about that great man he found it more than ever difficult to find anything new to say.

Looking back to his earliest memories he could see a grandmother and could hear her telling by the fireside stories of "Mr. Dickens" and "Mr. Thackeray." It was a privilege to have heard Dickens called "Mr. Dickens" and to have Thackeray called "Mr. Thackeray." It gave one a sense of realities. His own early reading had been the same as Dickens's. He read "Tom Jones" and other books over and over again, but he was luckier than the great novelist. He was able to read Charles Dickens as well. He read *Pickwick* when he was four. He had also not only to thank the great man himself, but his youngest son, who, years ago was his sponsor at the Inner Temple. Sir Henry was extremely kind. He could see him now in his chambers, telling him that he would remember in the future that his sponsorship was signed at the table that was used by Charles himself.

The reading of Dickens came as a kind of thirst. It was a kind of desire that sometimes comes to one—"I must read something of Dickens." And such a moment came to him, continued Mr. Mackenzie, during the last War when he was in Athens. He thought he would go mad if he could not read *The Pickwick Papers*—nothing else would take him out of the dreadful nightmare in which he was living at the moment. So in Athens the British Intelligence Department stopped looking for enemy petrol dumps and the entire energies of its agents were concentrated, for the time being, on finding a copy of *Pickwick*. At last a French translation was found and he read and *read* it! Words here and there came back to him in the English! Then he realised, perhaps for the first time, the greatness of the man; his vitality came through even in a French translation; that tremendous sense of life, that enormous power to express life, the tremendous vitality, the enormous love for mankind—no man can ever love human nature so much.

How he wished we had him back again ! Think what a thrill it would be to open your " Times " and see a letter signed " Charles Dickens " !

Neither the film nor the legitimate stage had ever caught the real spirit of Dickens. Dickens was immensely interested in the theatre. He was himself a great actor, but he never wrote for the theatre in any particular sense because his characters were so complete in themselves, so completely realised by him.

Mr. Mackenzie then recalled that some years ago he was summoned for an offence against the Official Secrets Act, and there were many preliminary hearings in a Court at the Guildhall. For the final hearing he went to another Court in the Guildhall. He felt there was something different about this Court, and that he had visited it already, perhaps, in some other life. It was then that the Clerk of the Court said to him, " I think, as a novelist, Mr. Mackenzie, you will be interested to hear that the Court in which your case is being heard to-day is exactly the same Court, hardly changed, indeed, as that which the great novelist, Charles Dickens, used for his famous Bardell *v.* Pickwick case." " Oh ! " he had replied, " is it ? I should think this is about the most ridiculous case that's been heard in it since ! "

Mr. Mackenzie then went on to describe how he felt the spirit of Dickens in the Court, and recalled the farcical events of the famous Pickwick trial. When his own case was over the Inspector who had served the summons actually asked him to come into King Street and have a drink ! As he went along, he felt how thoroughly Dickensian it all was.

" It has been," Mr. Mackenzie concluded, " an evening of memories, and as I am speaking I feel that somewhere on some empty chair Charles Dickens is sitting with us to-night'.'

THE CHAIRMAN then gave the toast, " To the Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens," which was drunk in silence.

Mr. WALTER DEXTER, in proposing " The Descendants of the Dickens Circle," said that the toast was a special innovation this year. For the majority there had hitherto been only one Dickens Circle, that magic circle encompassing a world which he had created and filled with his own immortal characters. But tonight attention would be turned to another Dickens circle—equally magic—the circle of his own friendships. Dickens possessed a genius for making friends ; even before *Pickwick* had made him famous he had attracted to himself such well-known men as John Black, Payne Collier, Harrison Ainsworth, George Cruikshank, and J. P. Harley, and in not more than two years he had added the names of Jerdan, Forster, Samuel Rogers, Captain Marryat, Daniel Maclise, and Clarkson Stanfield.

None of his friends sought him for the sake of reflected glory, for Lytton, Jerrold, Talfourd, Leigh Hunt, Macready, and Carlyle were older than he and already famous. Dickens won friendship because he gave it freely and ungrudgingly. He was, according to Lady Pollock, " the ideal of friendship " ; Mrs. Cattermole had declared him to be " a man of magnanimous and practical sympathy " ; and

we know the verdict of Carlyle, " good, gentle, high gifted, ever friendly, every inch of him an honest man."

Dickens was not insensible of the high regard in which he was held by his friends. In his will he conjured them not to make him the subject of any monument or any memorial whatsoever.

He left his sole claim to remembrance upon his published works. His works had survived—and the judgment of the intervening seventy years had placed him among the immortals.

His friends had all departed, but his admirers were legion, and to-night's gathering to do honour to his memory had special appeal as it included a number of descendants of his friends, here to testify to, and rejoice in, the friendship their forefathers had with Dickens.

That great memorial of his admirers extending throughout the world, the Dickens Fellowship, gave a hearty welcome to the descendants of the Dickens circle, continued Mr. Dexter; he would not mention them by name as the programme gave brief accounts of those they were representing, but he specially coupled with his toast those who were to reply, the grandson of Bulwer Lytton, the great-grandson of Thackeray, and the grand-daughter of Macready.

The toast was drunk with much enthusiasm.

THE EARL OF LYTTON said he felt it a great honour to be the guest of the Dickens Fellowship and to be in the company of so many distinguished representatives of the descendants of the friends and contemporaries of Dickens.

Although his grandfather was not strictly a member of the Dickens Circle, because among the members of that circle were to be found some of his fiercest critics, the fact did not impair at all the warm friendship which existed between them throughout their lives. He was privileged to possess a correspondence extending over a great many years and a large collection of letters from Charles Dickens to his grandfather, and the prevailing tone of them throughout all the years was one of the closest friendship and intimacy, due to those qualities of Dickens—his great heart, his immense human sympathy, and his unrivalled knowledge of human nature—which enabled him to understand and to be a good friend. There were times when they were closely associated in some common activity which interested them both, and one such occasion was the establishment of the Guild of Literature and Art which would be a kind of refuge in the country to which struggling authors might come and be free from financial worries and do their work in the greater harmony and peace of such surroundings. Dickens warmly welcomed the idea and said that in order to raise the funds for such an institution, if Lytton would write a play, he and his company would take it round the country and devote the proceeds to the cause.

That was in November, 1850, and on the 31st of the following January Dickens wrote a letter concluding with the words "Hurrah for the completion of the play!" This play, written in that incredibly short time, was first of all performed in Devonshire House in the following May in the presence of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert.

It was then taken on tour all round the country by Dickens and his company of players, and so the funds were raised and the Guild established.

There were times when they were not in close contact, when they had each to pursue their various activities and did not often meet. But they continued to correspond. Each of them expressed in his letters a great admiration for the other, and as their respective works were published they each in succession received a letter of admiration from the other and so about that time the intimacy between these two literary men was very close.

Now, continued Lord Lytton, he would like to assure Mr. Dexter that his relationship as a descendant of Bulwer-Lytton with the Dickens Fellowship had been, and he hoped would continue to be, one of a similar cordiality and friendship. He had had on several occasion the great pleasure of welcoming members of the Dickens Fellowship at Knebworth, and hoped those occasions would be often repeated in the future, as the members of the Fellowship would always be extremely welcome. Speaking in a representative capacity, he thought it would be of great interest for his hearers to have the views of the man he represented. In a note in his own hand dated 1869 Bulwer Lytton gave his own opinion of his great contemporary :

> " In his own way he is unrivalled and that way is one which leads to the widest range of popularity. . . . He understands the practical part of authorship beyond any writer—Walter Scott not excepted. . . . His powers of observation on minute points of humour and character are marvellous. He details oddities and out of them invents original creations by a felicitous exaggeration of the salient points, so that his most humorous characters have a touch of caricature. . . . He hit upon that which he could do better than any other man and is only less than himself when he deviates from it. Certainly on the whole one of the greatest geniuses in fiction the world has produced.

Some might think these are somewhat discriminating criticisms, but the words with which he closed this note would leave no doubt about his own opinion of the great man whom they were now honouring . . . " certainly on the whole one of the greatest geniuses in fiction the world has produced," and to this his Lordship could only add, " And so say all of us."

Mr. JAMES MAKEPEACE THACKERAY RITCHIE said that when the Committee asked him to speak he hoped they had in mind the remembrance of the fact that his great-grandfather—W. M. Thackeray—almost invariably broke down when he tried to make a speech. He even suspected when he saw the number of distinguished people who were speaking that they perhaps had in mind the fact that he great-grandfather usually broke down after three minutes !

In the past a great deal had been made of what had been called the Yates affair. A difference between Dickens and Thackeray did occur, but from what he had seen from letters of the time and since, it was largely exaggerated by their partisans. It was not easy for either

of them to retract, but within a short period they met on the steps of the Athenæum, shook hands, and were very good friends again. That was shortly before Thackeray died, and it is quite clear from what Dickens wrote afterwards that he was very glad that a reconciliation had taken place. Throughout his life Thackeray was always a keen admirer of Dickens's work and expressed himself so on many occasions, both when he was making those short, sometimes interrupted, speeches of his, and also when he was lecturing. As a critic he was constantly praising Dickens, and this in an age when it was the habit to be hard-hitting about all authors, particularly, perhaps, about one's rivals—and more so than it is to-day when authors appear to hang together like other trades.

Mr. Ritchie then spoke of the time when Thackeray, the unknown man, had applied to Dickens to illustrate *Pickwick*. That was ten years and more before "Vanity Fair" made Thackeray's name. And they became friends—they were constantly dining together in one another's houses, meeting, not only in London, but in Paris and at the seaside.

Thackeray brought up his children to be admirers of Dickens, saying "All children should love Dickens. I know two who do"—referring to his own daughters. There was one story which Thackeray loved to tell about Dickens. His daughter Ann, the speaker's grandmother, was then ten years of age and she was already a young critic. She said to her father, "Papa, why can't you write books like Dickens? I like his books so much better than yours." And Thackeray's answer was "Who can?"

Mrs. L. G. PUCKLE, after thanking the Fellowship for asking her to take an honoured place at the Dinner, said that her father (General Sir Nevil Macready) was very sorry he could not be present, being in Paris and unable to get away; this was unfortunate as he was a godson of Dickens and one of the very few people now living who actually knew Dickens and possibly the only one who had sat on his knee as a small boy. Like Mr. Compton Mackenzie, she could claim to have been brought up to know Dickens as "Dear Mr. Dickens," which was what her grandmother always called him; and from the very first time she began to read his books had been her favourites. She also recalled that she had the privilege of knowing Miss Hogarth, who, incidentally, "came out" at a dance at her grandfather's house in Regent's Park.

Mrs. Puckle concluded by expressing the hope that the memory of Charles Dickens, which the Fellowship was helping to keep green, would live for many, many generations to come.

Mr. FRANCIS MEYNELL, proposing the toast of The Chairman, said he thought he could say with the Chairman that he owed the pleasure of being present this evening to Charles Dickens himself, since it was Charles Dickens who introduced to each other the young man and the young woman who became, if that is what one said about one's forbears, his grandparents.

T. J. Thompson, the man in question, while still an undergraduate,

went to America to study social questions, and when he came back he was introduced to Charles Dickens at a party of Lady Blessington's. He found at once that they had something in common, a reverence for liberalism and a desire to assist the poor and the dispossessed. There was active movement at that time for providing Mechanics' Institutes, and in 1844 Dickens went to Liverpool to preside at the opening of the Mechanics' Institute there. He took Thompson with him. There was music and it was provided, not, as is often said, by anybody who had the audacity to print her name in full, because young ladies in those days did not appear in their full name, but by Miss C********* W*****.

Now, Charles Dickens, with that magnificent exuberance of generosity which always distinguished him, after the performance said, "There is one quality for which my writings have been praised to-night, which I fear may never appear in them again. That quality is heart. The whole of my heart," he said, "has gone out into the piano on which Miss Weller has been playing." It might be thought that this was an ambiguous expression. It might mean more simply his (Mr. Meynell's) grandmother, but there was no such cynical interpretation in those days. The next day Dickens went to visit Miss Weller at her home, and carried with him verses he had composed about her during the preceding night. He was somewhat surprised that he was not asked to write in any album, and on his return to his hotel, he wrote a letter to Miss Weller saying that she did not do anything like anyone else as she hadn't produced an album and he therefore sent his verses to her through the post. They were as follows:

"I put in a book, once, by hook and by crook,
The whole race (as I thought) of a 'feller,'
Who happily pleas'd the town's taste, much diseas'd,
—And the name of this person was Weller.

"I find to my cost that *One Weller* I lost—
Cruel Destiny so to arrange it!
I love her dear name, which has won me some fame,
But, Great Heavens, how gladly I'd change it."

But that was not all, continued Mr. Meynell; his grandfather was in some sort part-author of the works of the Chairman's grandfather. His father had shown to him last night a letter from Dickens addressed to T. J. Thompson on 19th April, 1839, concluding with these words: "I hope you will not forget that henceforth you have some share in my works and that when you meet with anything of which you particularly approve you will say, as you have good reason, I had a hand in it."

It was no joint authorship of the ordinary kind—merely Dickens's charming way of thanking the speaker's grandfather for having sent him an inkpot and a pen!

These remarks, concluded Mr. Meynell, had been about himself as a grandson. About the Chairman as a grandson it was not necessary to speak, and he had much pleasure in proposing his very good health.

The toast was drunk with musical honours.

Mr. HENRY CHARLES DICKENS, in his reply, said it had been a great honour to him to take the chair at such a remarkable gathering in the enforced absence of their President, Lord Hewart. They had heard a number of excellent speeches, and he would not be long with his own observations; he was one of those people who thought that a chairman should live up to his name as given in the dictionary: "One who is called upon to preside at a meeting or assembly, and to occupy the seat or chair provided for the purpose." He felt that as long as he was addressing the guests he was not carrying out the duties (*i.e.* occupying the seat or chair) which the Committee had been kind enough to ask him to undertake. He thanked all present for the cordial way in which they had drunk his health, and he wished specially to thank Mr. Meynell, although he appeared to know nothing about him. He wondered if he dare invite him to do what his grandfather invited Mr. Meynell's grandfather to do a great many years ago: "Come to Italy with me, there disport with me in a striped shirt, moustache, blouse, red sash, straw hat, and white trousers, sitting astride a mule, and not caring for the clock, the day of the month, or the day of the week, and tinkling bells upon the mule." He was not quite sure what Mr. Meynell's reactions would be to such an invitation.

Mr. Dickens then pointed out that on the 7th February, 1839, exactly a hundred years ago, Dickens then 27 years old, gave a little dinner party at Doughty Street. In bidding a friend to the evening to "add to the conviviality of the meeting," as he put it, he wrote these words: "Lord bless my soul, 27 years old, who'd have thought it, I never did—but I grow sentimental."

"Sentimental," concluded Mr. Dickens, "what do you think he would have thought if he had known that a hundred years later there would have been another dinner party to celebrate his birthday at which would be assembled numbers and numbers of people—most of them to be born after his death—and all of them assembled to do him honour?

"I hope, I think we all hope, that a hundred years hence the unborn person who occupies the position that I hold to-day will be able to repeat those words."

PROGRESS REPORT FROM MONTREAL

The Montreal Branch this year celebrates its 30th anniversary and records an advance movement all along the line. The membership now stands at 395. 390 tickets were sold for the Birthday Banquet. The chief speaker was Sir Gerald Campbell, British High Commissioner, Ottawa.

At the Tiny Tim Night in December, 460 gifts were received for less fortunate children, besides $80.45 cash, with which the Welfare Committee bought material and articles required in four children's hospitals.

FROM RECENT BOOKS

By LOUIS B. FREWER, M.A.
(Bodleian Library)

JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

"Read all day yesterday Dickens. It happened to come in a sympathetic hour and I enjoyed him immensely. Let us acknowledge that he is sentimental with a cheap and often vulgar and theatrical sentiment. Let us acknowledge that his characters are not real for the most part, that the Sam Wellers and Boffins and dolls' dressmakers and Mr. Micawbers and Mantalinis never existed or could exist, that they are fantastic creations of wit and humour, not meant to be real, belonging almost to a realm of farce, or to marionettes rather than to the theatre, yet there remains the genius of the man. I am positively appalled at the prodigal brain that could throw out this civilization of grotesques—at his will come more and more of these creatures, goblins, elfs, Mr. Squeers, Mr. Dombey, the fat boy, Little Nell. I don't say I like 'em or many of them—the goblins have lost their terror and there is a certain amount of pasteboard in the angels, but there is enough of human nature in human characters about them to make them dance to the eyes, to make them surprise us with their smartness, their magic-lantern definiteness—saucy angels that they are—and the stream of them, the hustling and crowding and trooping of them, the hatching of new eggs with the little creatures jumping out of them and jauntily proclaiming themselves as fast as the hatching of fish eggs, hastening and bustling into the scene—I say I read Dickens yesterday and I was impressed with the wonderful originality and stupendous readiness of the magician. And then, after these French books, Dickens was a high and pure soul who wrote with his heart—the bad taste is a trifle—the infinitely fine human spirit of the man, an immense love of the common people, a love of all that is good and holy lifts not only Dickens but shows us the light at which the whole of English literature is written, after we have wallowed for a day or two with the French."—"John Jay Chapman and his Letters," by M. A. De Wolfe Howe. (Houghton Mifflin.)

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WHAT WE OWE TO DICKENS

From a lecture on "André Maurois," by L. A. Triebel, M.A., of the University of Tasmania:

"Chesterton referred to Dickens and his clamorous critics, which brings us to the point of admitting that even if Dickens was sometimes wrong, there is something inferior in our make-up that prevents us from being wrong so brilliantly. Dickens had been assailed for formlessness, sentimentality, exaggeration, and bitterness towards the selfish; four years ago Maurois jumped into the ring and defended the master. A warm-hearted, truthful tribute to the man who gave, more than anyone else, to his countrymen a social sense, Christmas as we know it, and, above all, real pleasure. Maurois' "Life of Dickens" gives his straightforward impressions on the most national of English writers, the novelist of the teeming street-life of London. Maurois shows how Dickens can be counted among the causes of moral order whereby modern England was spared a revolution. If certain shades of gentle-

ness and sentiment have become the predominant colours in English family life, if the brutality of public hangings and imprisonment for debt have vanished, if the children of the poor are treated with some respect and kindness, and workhouses are humanised, these things are in part the work of Dickens."—From "The Australian National Review," Vol. 4, No. 21, 1938.

DICKENS VILLAGE

Miss Louise Stimson, of the Boston Branch, has been busy for over two years making models of Dickens's London landmarks, and the final result was the most attractive feature of the Book Fair held in the Boston Public Library in November last. Not only are the models perfect representations of the actual places, but they are peopled with the Dickens characters. The Pickwickians are seen driving out from the archway of the Golden Cross; Mrs. Gamp is shown marketing; the Cheeryble Brothers are outside their office in the City Square, and Mrs. Micawber is at the door of her establishment for young ladies, and so on. We hope some permanent home will be found for such a piece of clever and artistic work.

SURELY NOT THE LAST

In Winnipeg, Mr. H. Gerald Wade again read the *Carol* at Christmas as he has done for many, many years past; and he illustrated it, too, with many interesting pictures of scenes in the book. But he took his audience completely by surprise when he announced that this was the last time he would read it in public. As the chairman remarked, Mr. Wade's annual recital by means of which he has so enriched the Tiny Tims' Fund—has become a national institution in their city; he hoped Mr. Wade would emulate that great singer, Madame Patti, who made no less than fifteen Farewell appearances.

Following the recital, Mr. Wade was presented with a silver mounted pipe as a token of the appreciation of the branch for his work over many years.

PICKWICK ON THE AIR

Mr. V. C. Clinton Baddeley is to give a serial reading of *The Pickwick Papers*. There will be sixteen readings in all, broadcasts on Mondays and Wednesdays at 1.15 p.m. from March 13th to March 29th for the first six; and on Wednesdays only at 1 o'clock for the remaining ten thereafter.

A TINY TIM COT AT ROCHESTER

The whole of the £500 required to endow the Tiny Tim Cot in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Rochester, has now been raised, and was formally handed over at the New Year's Party held by the branch. The cot is to the memory of the late Richard Evans Prall, for many years President of the Rochester Branch.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"ON INTRODUCING ONESELF TO DICKENS"

I thank Mr. Claxton-Williams for his courteous reply to my letter. On re-reading his article in the Summer Number, I agree that I was "scarcely fair" to him. I should have seen that the phrase "an inferior tale" was only meant to convey that, in his view, *Great Expectations* was inferior to *A Tale of Two Cities*.

I do not agree with this verdict, but it is all a matter of opinion, of which each of us is entitled to his own. Moreover, as Mr. Brookes Cross agrees with Mr. Claxton-Williams, I am in a minority.

W. P. Woolliams.

DICKENSIANA OF THE QUARTER

NEWSPAPER AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES

"Bella Wilfer," by H. K. *The Age* (Melbourne) Literary Supp. 8th October.

"Charles Dickens," by his Grand-daughter, Enid Dickens Hawksley. *The Queen*, 17th November.

"Dickens and English Chancery," by Abe J. Goldin. *The Legal Intelligencer* (Philadelphia), 5th November.

"Jolly No More." *The Times* (leader), 3rd December.

"Christmas with Dickens," by George Baird. *Truth*, 23rd November.

"The Spirit of Christmas," by Lily Titman. *Methodist Recorder*, December.

"When Dickens Lived in Lawyers' Land." *The Star*, 1st December.

"Copperfield in Dickens Land." *The Star*, 2nd December.

"A Stroll with the Dodger," by The Londoner. *Evening News*, 7th December.

"An Extra Page of the *Pickwick Papers*," by Harry W. Sandwell; and "How Dickens helped revive the Christmas Spirit," by Mabel Burkholder. *Hamilton Spectator*, 17th December.

"Charles Dickens in Yorkshire." *The Cyclist*, 21st December.

"Dickens Knew These Roads" (illus.). *The Cyclist*, 28th December.

"A Christmas Centenary; the legacy of Dickens," by Ivor Brown. *The Observer*, 25th December.

"A 'sermon'" (*A Christmas Carol*). *Evening Citizen* (Glasgow), 24th December.

"A Question of Digestion," by James Agate. *The Tatler*, 28th December.

"Why Dickens wrote *A Christmas Carol*," by Arthur Hedley. *Huddersfield Examiner*, 24th December.

"Dickens in Norfolk," by Guy L'Estrange. *Eastern Daily Press*, 27th December.

A Christmas Carol—reprinted in full—(illustrated). *Sunday News* (New York), 25th December.

"On the Road to Dingley Dell," double page coloured illustration by Frank Reynolds, R.I. *The Sketch*, Christmas Number, 1938.

"Barkis is Willin'," Cartoon by E. H. Shepard. *Punch*, 15th February.

DIARY OF DICKENS FELLOWSHIP MEETINGS

BALHAM.
Mar. 10—Recital by Miss M. Johnson, " Dickens and other Characters."
11—Tea and Entertainment.
18—Visit to Carlisle House, Soho Square.
April 14—Members' Papers on *Nicholas Nickleby*.
22—Visit to Abbey Folk Park, Barnet.
May 12—Annual Meeting.
20—Visit to Chiswick House.

BATH.
Mar. 6—Reading Circle.
20—Arranged by the Ladies' Committee.
April 3—Reading Circle.
17—Lecture by Miss Florence Tylee, " Extras."
May 1—Reading Circle.
15—Lecture by Mr. W. J. Hallett, " A Convivial Night—a Hundred Years Ago."
27-30—Annual Conference of the Dickens Fellowship.

BIRMINGHAM.
Mar. 8—Lecture by Mr. J. D. Billington, " Railways in Dickens's Day."
April 5—Open Meeting.
26—General Meeting.

BLACKBURN.
Mar. 3—Lecture by Mr. Robert Lund, " Some Victorians."
17—Social Evening arranged by the Ladies' Committee.
31—Lecture by Mr. N. W. E. Hamm, " When Crummles Played."

BLACKPOOL.
Mar. 2—Lecture by Rev. D. H. Curtis, of Burnley.
4—Regional Group Conference.
16—Visit from Lancaster Branch.
21—Visit to Preston Branch.
30—Whist Drive and Dickens Bee.
April 6—Annual Meeting.

BOSTON (Mass.).
Mar . 27—Lecture on Dickensian Period Music, by Miss Carrie Sherrill.
April 24—Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works, arranged by Miss Jess Monger.
May 17—Dinner, followed by a paper by Miss Sally Dawes, on " The Influence of Dickens Down the Ages," and dramatic scenes by the Players.

BRIGHTON.
Mar. 16—An Evening with *Nicholas Nickleby* conducted by Miss D. M. Russell-Davies.
April 20—Competition for the Laura Withy Cup.

BRISTOL AND CLIFTON.
Mar. 8—Scenes from *Our Mutual Friend*, produced by Mrs. Wilson.
April 12—Scenes from *The Battle of Life*, produced by Miss Nesta Baker.

BROMLEY.
Mar. 15—Readings from *Nicholas Nickleby*.
April 12—Examination Paper and Balloon debate on *Nicholas Nickleby*.

CHELTENHAM.
Mar. 10—Lecture by Mr. H. O. Barnett.
31—Annual Meeting.

CIRENCESTER.
Mar. 6—" The Influence of Dickens on the Initiation of Social Services," by Miss J. M. Page.
April 3—Annual Meeting.

EASTBOURNE.
Mar. 7—Dramatic Entertainment.
14, 28—Study Circle.

EDGWARE.
Mar. 3—Lecture by Mr. Trelawny Roberts.
31—Discussion by Mr. and Mrs. Baylis.
April 29—Ramble to Chinatown.
May 5—Annual Meeting.

EDINBURGH.
Mar. 9—Lecture by Miss Dunne, " Mrs. Nickleby."
24—Bridge and Whist Evening.
April 6—Business Meeting, followed by Sketches arranged by Miss K. H. Johnston.

HACKNEY.
Mar. 22—Recital by Mr. Cooper Sands.
April 19—Annual Meeting, Whist Drive.

HULL.
Mar 3—Lecture by Mrs. Elinor J. Fisher, J.P., " Welfare Work and Prisons."
17—Lecture by Mr. Thos. L. Witty, " The Problem of the Jews."
23—Whist Drive.
31—Dramatic Evening.
April 21—Annual Meeting.

LEYTON.
Mar. 29—Lecture by Rev. R. Scott Frayn, " Old Friends in Fun and Frolic."
April 26—Annual Meeting.

LANCASTER.
Mar. 16—Visit to Blackpool Branch.

LIVERPOOL.
Mar. 1—Discussion on *Nicholas Nickleby* arranged by Mrs. Wade.
15—Lecture by Miss C. A. Jacobson, " Dickens and America."
29—Annual Meeting and Social.

LONDON.
Mar. 17—" The Showmen of Dickens," by various Members.
18—Ramble, " Westminster."
April 15—Informal Dinner.
18—Annual Meeting and " A Dickensian ' In Town To-night.' "
May 20—Ramble, " Bloomsbury."

LOS ANGELES.
Mar. 21—" Tales " from *Sketches by Boz.*
April 18—" Tales " from *Sketches by Boz* continued.
May 16—Annual Meeting.

MANCHESTER.
Mar. 3—Miscellaneous Papers by Miss E. D. Biggs, Mr. E. Ward, and others.
17—Lecture by Mr. J. D. Billington ," Railways in Dickens's Day."
31—Annual Meeting.

MONTREAL.
Mar. 21-22—Annual Dickens Play.
28—Lecture by Mr. Roy L. Campbell, " Why Read Dickens ? "
April 25—Lecture by J. Alex Edmison, " Dickens and Social Values."

NOTTINGHAM.
Mar. 9, 11—Performances of *The Battle of Life.*
16, 23—Readings from *Nicholas Nickleby.*
April 4—Readings from *Nicholas Nickleby.*
20—Discussion on *Nicholas Nickleby.*
27—Annual Meeting.

PLYMOUTH.
Mar. 3—Evening arranged by Mrs. Jim Northcott and Miss Muriel Pearce.
17—Dramatic and Musical Evening arranged by Miss Vera Cocks.
31—Annual Meeting.

PITTSBURGH.
Mar. 13—Lecture by Miss Frances Kelly, " The Influence of Carlyle on *A Tale of Two Cities.*"
April 3—Lecture by Dr. Alfred P. James, " Progress through Violent Revolution."
17—Annual Meeting and Address by Rev. Frank E. Smith, " Thomas Paine, a Friend of the People."

PORTSMOUTH.
Mar. 8—Elocution Competition.
10—" Inns and Taverns of Dickens," by Mr. A. R. Isles.
15—Whist Drive.
24—Dramatic Events and Readings arranged by Miss Martyn.
April 12—Social Evening.
26—Whist Drive.

PRESTON.
Mar. 7—Lecture by Mr. Rushton, of the Blackpool Branch.
21—Visit from Blackpool Branch.
April 4—Drama Night.
18—Annual Meeting.

REDDITCH.
Mar. 1—Paper by Mrs. R. A. Betteridge.
29—Visit from Rugby Branch.
May 3—General Meeting.

ROCHESTER.
Mar. 16—" Parents in Dickens," by Mrs. Texera (of Whitstable Branch).
April 20—A Dickensian Musical Evening at the King's School Hall, arranged by Miss Cole ; scenario by Mr. R. Rigg.

RUGBY.
Mar. 7—Readings.
29—Visit to Redditch Branch.
April 4—Men's Night.
18—Whist Drive for the Cot Fund.
May 2—Annual Meeting.

ST. PANCRAS.
Mar. 11—Visit to Westminster Palace and Whitehall.
13—Lecture by Mr. T. W. Hill, " Herbert Spencer, his Life and Work."
April 10—Annual Meeting.
29—Ramble to Dulwich.

SHEFFIELD.
Mar. 10—Lecture by Mr. Norman Stembridge, " Real Foibles and Unreal People."
15—Whist Drive.
25—Pickwick Supper.
April 14—Annual Meeting and Dramatic Sketches.

SHREWSBURY.
April 6—Whist Drive and Dance in aid of the Children's Holiday Camp Fund.

SOUTHAMPTON.
Mar. 9—A Talk by Mr. C. A. Mitchell.
April 20—Annual Meeting.

SOUTHEND.
Mar. 4—Dance.
April 1—Dance.
19—Annual Meeting and Whist Drive.

TEWKESBURY.
Mar. 7—Annual Meeting. Address by Rev. E. P. Gough.

TORONTO.
Mar. 2—*The Lamplighter* and Scenes from *Bleak House*.
April 13—Scenes from *Our Mutual Friend*.

VANCOUVER.
Mar. 23—Lecture by Mr. George Wright.
April 27—Social Evening.
June 11—Annual Memorial Services.

WELLINGBOROUGH.
Mar. 11—Lecture by Miss Mary L. Pendered, " Soul Drama."
25—Lecture by Mrs. Thorpe.
May 13—Regional Group Conference.

WINNIPEG.
Mar. 9—Ladies' Night.
April 13—" The Winnipeg Dickensian " No. 3.

WOODVILLE.
Mar. 3—Lecture by Mr. E. L. Knight ," The Humour in *Nicholas Nickleby*."
17—Lecture by Mr. H. Aiers, " Characters in *Nicholas Nickleby*—a Study of Contrasts."

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